d Monthly SEPTEMBER 1905 Vol. V. No. 55

# THE THEATRE

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Scene in "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," which opened the season at the Lyceum Theatre, New York

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### Joseph Jefferson's Will

The will of Joseph Jefferson was filed July 22 in the Surrogate's office in New York City by Edward G. Black, the executor of the estate.

It mentions bequests such as a Kentucky fishing reel, which is to go to Grover Cleveland, and small bequests to the Actors' Fund, the Actors' Home, and to William Winter, the dramatic critic.

The bulk of the estate, however, is left to Mr. Jefferson's relatives. The real estate in New York State consists of valuable property along Riverside Drive, on Lexington avenue, and on Central Park West.

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# THE THEATRE

VOL. V., NO. 55 NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1905 ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

Sarony

EDWARD J. MORGAN

Will play the part of Magnus in the forthcoming stage production of Hall Caine's novel, "The Prodigal Son"

# The New Theatrical Season of 1905-06

IF we may judge from the announcements made by the managers the new theatrical season now fairly begun will not be lacking in abundant material. Including Arthur Wing Pinero, all the leading English and American dramatists are well represented, and some of the pieces to be done here, such as Barrie's fairy play, "Peter Pan," Alfred Sutro's "Walls of Jericho," and André Messager's "Véronique," have enjoyed successful runs abroad. "The Pearl and the Pumpkin," a musical piece by Paul West and John W. Bretton, presented by Klaw & Erlanger at the Broadway, was the first offering of the season in New York, and this was quickly followed at Wallack's by "Easy Dawson," the new piece written for Raymond Hitchcock by Edward E. Kidder. Edna May appeared at Daly's in "The Catch of the Season" on Aug. 28, and from now on the theatres will open their doors in rapid succession. The evening of September 4th will be a particularly busy one. On that night Maxine Elliott will be seen at the Criterion in "Her Great Match," the oft-titled play which Clyde Fitch has written for her, and on the same night Lulu Glaser will appear at the Knickerbocker in the new operetta by Harry B. Smith and Victor Herbert, entitled "Miss Dolly Dollars," while at the Empire, also on this eventful evening, John Drew will make his reappearance in New York in the comedy written for him by Augustus Thomas entitled "De Lancey." Then comes the production at the Hudson of George Bernard Shaw's queer comedy, "Man and Superman," with Robert Lorraine and Fay Davis in the leading rôles. Later, Miss Davis is to star under Charles Frohman's management in a new play by Ernest Denny, called "All of a Sudden Peggy."

---

Maude Adams, as already announced, will be seen this season as the heroine in James M. Barrie's whimsical play, "Peter Pan." Blanche Walsh will continue presenting Fitch's play "The Woman in the Case," and William Gillette will be seen in his own play, called "Clarice," the title rôle being taken by Marie Doro. Edward H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe will continue their theatrical partnership, making at least three new Shakespearian revivals, including "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Twelfth Night." W. H. Crane has a new play by George H. Broadhurst and C. T. Dazey, entitled "An American Lord," and will be seen here in it some time in January. Richard Mansfield will add the character of Don Carlos to his gallery of character studies, the play being an adaptation of the well-known play by Schiller. Nat C. Goodwin comes to the Lyceum early in September with a new play by W. W. Jacobs and Louis N. Parker, called "The Beauty and the Barge." Annie Russell, who is to be under new management, will be seen in a new comedy by Channing Pollock, called "The Little Grey Lady." Henrietta Crosman has a new comedy by Eugene Presbrey, called "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," and Virginia Harned will be seen in a play as yet unnamed by Henry Arthur Jones. Ethel Barrymore will be seen in a satirical comedy by James M. Barrie, called "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." Viola Allen has a new comedy of Georgian manners written by Clyde Fitch, and called "The Toast of the Town." Martha Morton's play, "The Truth Tellers," based on a novel by John Strange Winter, will be produced in Washington Sept. 25.

Of other plays made from popular novels there are to be a goodly number. Hall Caine's story, "The Prodigal Son," is to be staged by the Messrs. Liebler, with Aubrey Boucicault, E. J. Morgan and J. E. Dodson in the cast, and the same managers are presenting a dramatization by Channing Pollock of Miriam Michelson's "In the Bishop's Carriage." Paul Potter and George H. Lorrimer have made a play from the latter's "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," and Clyde Fitch and Willis Steell have dramatized the story "Wolfville," which Charles Frohman will produce. Other book plays announced are Gen. Lew Wallace's "Prince of India," dramatized by J. I. C. Clarke; F. Marion Crawford's "Zoroaster," made by the author; Winston Churchill's "The Crossing," by the author and Louis Evan Shipman; Harold MacGrath's "The Man on the Box," by Grace Livingston Furniss; Egerton Castle's "Secret Orchard," by Channing Pollock; a new dramatization of Hugo's "Misérables," by Wilton Lackaye, and in which that actor will play the rôle of Jean Valjean; "The Garden of Allah," which Mr. Belasco is supposed to be considering for Mrs. Carter; "The Redemption of David Corson," made by Lottie Blair Parker, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "The Marriage of William Ashe," in which Grace George will appear.

Sands and Brady

JULIA MARLOWE

This popular actress will continue to appear with Mr. Sothern this season in Shakespeare's plays

---

Mrs. Fiske has a new comedy of New York society life by Rupert Hughes, entitled "What Will People Say?" and Bertha Kalich, who is now under Harrison Grey Fiske's management, will be seen as Maeterlinck's heroine, Monna Vanna. An earlier production at the Manhattan will be a play by Edith Ellis Baker, called "Mary and John." Ellis Jeffreys will be seen again in

New York in comedy by Alfred Sutro. C. M. S. McClellan will have no fewer than three new plays on the boards next season in addition to "Leah Kleschna." One, a comedy entitled "On the Love Path," will be presented by Charles Frohman; another, a drama called "The Jury of Fate," will be fathered by the Shuberts; while a third, written with music in collaboration with Gustave Kerker, and called "The Butterfly of Fashion," will be produced by Klaw & Erlanger. Arnold Daly will continue presenting the Shaw plays, and later in the season the young actor-manager will produce "John Bull's Other Island." William Faversham will be seen in "The Squaw Man."

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The Casino, rebuilt, will open with the musical piece "The Earl and the Girl," with the popular Eddie Foy as chief comedian, and this will probably run until Christmas, when the fairy spectacle, "The Babes in the Wood," will be produced by the Messrs. Shubert. George Ade's new piece, "The Bad Samaritan," will be seen at the Garden Theatre Sept. 11, and de Wolf Hopper will be the star comedian in de Koven and Ranken's new operetta "Happyland," to be presented at the Lyric. Francis Wilson will come to New York during the winter with a new comedy, and Joseph Wheelock, Jr., is to be starred in a piece by George Ade, called "Just Out of College."

---

The Rogers Brothers make Ireland the scene of their stage excursion this year, and Corrine will be their leading lady. Marie Cahill will star in "Moonshine," a piece by Geo. V. Hobart and Milton Royle, while Fay Templeton will be starred by Klaw & Erlanger in a piece by Geo. M. Cohan, called "The Maid and the Millionaire." Chauncey Olcott has a new play on the historical subject of "Edmund Burke," written by Theodore Burt Sayre, and Lawrence D'Orsay will be seen in another comedy by Augustus Thomas, called "The Embassy Ball." Eleanor Robson is to have a new play by Geo. B. Shaw, in which she will be seen as a Salvation Army lassie. Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin will appear as co-stars at the Princess, the first play to be produced being "Zira." Thos. W. Ross will be seen in a new piece by H. M. Blossom, called "A Fair Exchange," and the same author has written, with Victor Herbert, an operetta for Fritzi Scheff called "Mlle. Modiste." Blanche Bates will be seen in a new play at the Belasco Theatre early in November, and at the New Amsterdam Theatre, across the street, we are to see a gorgeous Drury Lane spectacle called "The White Cat." Ada Rehan will make a tour in Shaw's comedy, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," and Minnie Seligman and William Bramwell are to be co-stars in a new play by John Luther Long and Edward Childs Carpenter, called "The Dragon Fly."

---

James K. Hackett and Mary Mannering will appear as co-stars at the Savoy, Sept. 28, in "The Walls of Jericho," a comedy by Alfred Sutro, and later Miss Mannering will head her own company as usual. "The House of Silence" and "The Prayer of the Sword" are two other plays scheduled by Mr. Hackett for production later. Walter N. Lawrence, who was very lucky last year with the Madison Square, will produce at that house "The Prince Chap," a play by a new American dramatist, Edward Peple, and this will be followed by the Harold MacGrath piece, "The Man on the Box," "A Divorce Colony," and other plays. Charles Frohman announces the production of a new poetical play, "Mizpah," written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and S. Luscombe, and a new play by H. V. Esmond and another, written in collaboration by Jules Lemaitre, the well-known French critic, and the English humorist, Jerome K. Jerome. Other interesting productions to be made by Mr. Frohman will be "La Belle Marseillaise" and "The Duel," both of which French pieces were marked successes in Paris.

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Several distinguished foreign players will visit us during the coming season. Sir Henry Irving will make what is emphatically stated to be his very last farewell tour, and we shall have also another opportunity of seeing that wonderful woman, Sarah Bernhardt, who will present "Adrienne Lecrouvreur." Sir Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore are to return, and so is Forbes Robertson. Miss Olga Nethersole, who has not appeared here for several years, will make her American reappearance in Hervieu's much discussed comedy, "Le Dédale." E. S. Willard returns as usual, and will be seen in a new play by Alfred Capus.

Reutlinger OLGA NETHERSOLE

The well-known English actress who will make her re-appearance in America this season in Paul Hervieu's much discussed comedy "Le Dédale" (The Labyrinth)

Adelaide Ristori as Queen Elizabeth

# Adelaide Ristori Sends a Message to America

Ristori as she is today

AN interview with Ristori! Is it possible that one of the splendid dramatic figures of the past, a great tragic actress who is absolutely unknown, except by name, to the present generation, should still today be able and willing to talk to a twentieth century reporter of her triumphs of three decades ago? The famous Italian artist, now a venerable old lady of 83, was not only willing to receive your correspondent, but expressed herself anxious to have conveyed to the American people, through the columns of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, her love for America and the affection and gratitude she will always feel towards this country.

The Marchesa Capranica del Grillo (better known to theatre students the world over as Adelaide Ristori) had sent word that she would see me at six o'clock one afternoon, and at the appointed hour I presented myself in the Via del Valle, at the *Palazzo*, on the first floor of which the aged artist makes her home. With her lives her devoted daughter, Donna Bianca, who has never married, but is her mother's constant companion. On the floor above lives Ristori's only other child, her son Giorgio, a gentleman of the court of Queen Margherita, his wife and three children, Giuliano, Flaminia and Francesca, to whom their grandmother is devoted.

Ascending a broad marble staircase from the vestibule, I was shown into an attractive, thoroughly home-like drawing-room filled with souvenirs of the great actress' career. Albums of photographs, whose contents I could only speculate upon, covered the tables. On an old-fashioned grand piano were many autographed photographs, conspicuous among them one of the Queen Mother, with an affectionate inscription. A large three-quarter-length portrait of Ristori as Mary Stuart, always one of her favorite rôles, hung opposite me. But I had not long to wait when Ristori entered the room, accompanied by her daughter. A moment's discussion as to which language we should converse in, and Italian was promptly chosen when I had expressed my familiarity with that tongue.

"But you, *Marchesa*, speak English fluently, do you not?" asked the interviewer, remembering the actress's London triumphs in English.

Ristori at her prime

"Oh, not now. I read it, yes, but it is so long since I have had occasion to use it that I should not feel at home in it."

It was never the writer's good fortune to see Ristori on the stage, and her farewell performances were in 1885. But in private life it would be difficult to find a more thoroughly charming woman. Old lady seems hardly the term to apply to her. As she herself admits, she was eighty-three last January, but it seems incredible. Rheumatism makes it difficult for her to walk much, but she sits erect in her chair. Her hair under the little white lace cap is abundant, and only partly gray, and there is a pretty color in her cheeks. Her eyes are bright and her deep voice rich and musical. Any one more simple and unaffected could not be imagined.

She talks of any one, of anything, rather than of herself. She was interested to know that her interviewer was American and from New York, which she described as a *"bella citta,"* although she was sorry to hear of our skyscrapers, which she thought could hardly add to the beauty of our city. She spoke, too, of Riverside Drive, of which she had heard but never seen.

"America is a most interesting country," she said, "and I have always preserved the pleasantest recollections of it. The people are so enthusiastic, so intelligent, and so kind."

"Then you did not find us the cold, heartless people that one of the Italian writers (Mathilde Serao) declares us?"

Ristori's eyes flashed.

"Nothing of the sort! I think the Americans are full of heart. Otherwise they would not constitute such sympathetic audiences. I have never played before more sympathetic or enthusiastic people. I remember especially the matinees, where women predominated. They used to crowd the theatre, and even on the stage there were chairs, so that we had hardly room for the actors. And how can one say Americans are heartless when on the celebration of my eightieth birthday I received many, many presents and congratulations from American friends whom I had not seen for years, and some from strangers, too. Even children sent me pressed flowers with best wishes, saying they had never seen me, but their mothers or grandmothers had, and had told them about me. So they, the little ones, wished to send me congratulations for my birthday. I assure you I was deeply touched."

Asked as to her favorite rôle, Ristori pronounced it to be Mary Stuart, but she added:

"I like to alternate between tragedy and comedy, for I thoroughly enjoy the latter, even if it has not the grandeur of

tragedy. One of my favorite rôles was La Locandiera in Goldoni's comedy of that name."

"Is it true that you have recited in German as well as English?"

"No; never. I cannot speak German, but I appeared with a German company at the Thalia Theatre, New York, and the critics declared after the performance that it was evident that I understood the German language thoroughly. This was not the case at all; quite the reverse. But when one knows one's rôles well it is a simple matter to play with a company speaking another language."

Ristori did not speak enthusiastically of the present condition of the stage in Italy, although she expressed admiration for several of the modern actors, and among them Gustavo Salvini, whom she considers very talented. Yet she never fails to encourage new comers, and has helped many.

As your correspondent said good-bye, the great artist asked her to convey, through THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, which she reads regularly, her love for America and the American people, assuring them of the deep affection and high esteem in which she shall always hold them.

Rome, July, 1905. ELISE LATHROP.

Photo Hall

GERTRUDE CARLISLE TAYLOR GRANVILLE

Scene in "The Pearl and the Pumpkin," the new musical piece by Paul West and John W. Bratton, with which Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger have inaugurated the new dramatic season at the Broadway Theatre

# Personal Recollections of Augustin Daly

***Part IV. Conclusion**

Daly's bookplate

IN his striving to gratify popular demands, Mr. Daly was not wholly uninfluenced by the spirit of superstition—a weakness of no inconsiderable force with the profession at large. I remember his telling us one evening of the reading of a new play to the company that morning. And, by the way, those who know declare that to hear Mr. Daly read a play constituted one of the most enviable of treats, so pronounced was his gift in this direction. As he was expatiating upon the exuberant manifestations, the convulsive laughter of his people, which at times made it impossible for him to proceed, I could not suppress an intervening wedge of encouragement as to the pre-assured success of the piece, to which he promptly responded:

"No. Now, do you know that is just where you are wrong? It is a bad omen with me always. A play over which the company enthuses is sure to meet the disapproval of the audience."

And during days of prolonged struggle, he was not above searching for the possible "Jonah"—that *bête noire* of theatrical life. I recall his saying, "I believe I have found my 'Jonah.' It is Miss ——. There is no play in which she has ever appeared that has not proven a failure." And no subsequent opportunity was ever given to this actress to live down the imputation.

Then the repetition of certain words in the titles of his plays indicates their antecedent felicitous service. For example: one of the first plays to win even partial appreciation was "An Arabian Night," and so afterwards he presented "Red Letter Nights" and "A Night Off." The street number of the little theatre down on Broadway which proved so fortunate a house for him after the burning of the original Fifth Avenue Theatre was 728, and one of his early successes at the present Daly's Theatre was the bright little comedy called "728." "The Royal Middy" had a comparatively fair run, and so he tried "Royal Youth," whose disastrous finish ended his faith in that direction. "Love in Harness," "The Railroad of Love," "Love on Crutches," "Love in Tandem," followed one another under the same dominance. And an additional person was brought into the banquet scene of the "Taming of the Shrew" on the discovery that just thirteen people were originally represented in this notably beautiful stage picture.

The foregoing seems very petty in association with a man who even at the very outset of his connection with the stage proved himself a leader, a man of whom it was said by those who came to him from other established theatres that never before had they known what stage management really meant; a man who, although young in years and wholly inexperienced, manifested

*For the first part of these Recollections see our issue for June, 1905

in his novitiate judgment of the most mature character and whose decisions were invariably speedy and accurate. Lately I heard a brainy professional man, in deploring the passing of the Daly régime, say: "When I wanted to go to the theatre, I always went to 'Daly's,' without even stopping to inquire the name of the play. It made no difference, really; for it was always 'Art.'"

System ruled with Mr. Daly. In the plan of his life's routine he made time for everything. Each hour had its purpose. His own pen attended to the obligations of his correspondence. No letter in his mail was too insignificant for his individual attention.

There was a little child whom he was very fond of and much beloved by his own children. After their death, she held a sacred place in his heart. During his travels she used to write him. In her baby conceit she atttempted to emulate her elders according to her own ideas. She would scribble with a pencil fantastic lines and signs, reading to the present writer those things which she meant to tell him. These interpretations were always faithfully taken down and sent to him with her own imaginary letters, which always received prompt and tenderest answers—no matter where they might find him. The following extracts will tell something of the man's large and charming nature:

June 17, 1885.

MY GOOD LITTLE HEART'S DELIGHT:

I received your very beautiful letter today. It was only two days coming from New York to Chicago. And only think! my hotel in Chicago is nearly a thousand miles from —— Avenue in New York. Did you ever hear of the giant who wore a pair of magic boots, and every step he walked covered seven leagues? Well, that giant was a sort of a fairy, but he didn't begin to be half as big a fairy as the Giant Locomotive which brought your letter to me.

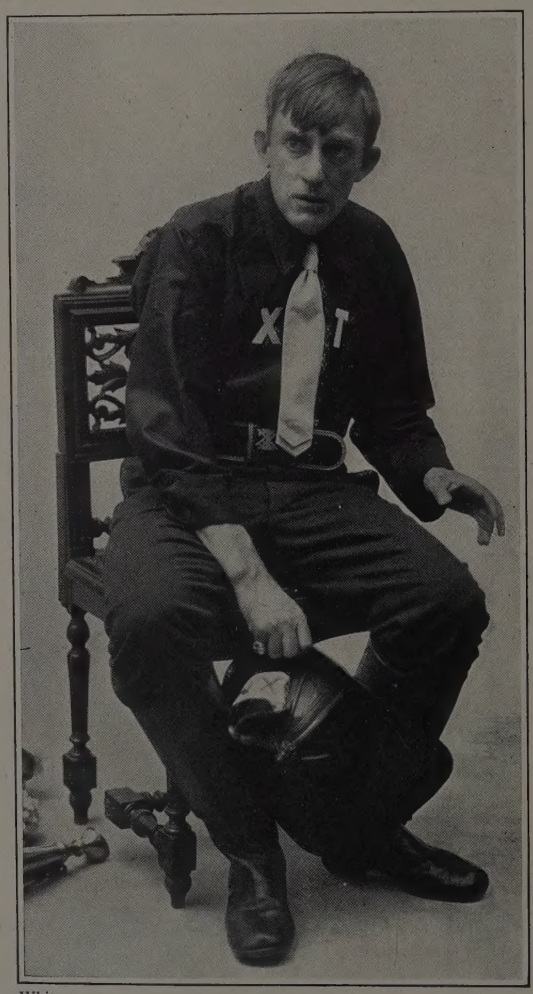
I am very much surprised that you have "writed" me two other letters before this one. Are you sure that you sent them to the right address? I never got them. Some dreadful man must have received them, and is trying to make his friends believe that you "wroted" them to him. I'm ashamed for him, aren't you?

I think it was highly proper for you to tell me to send you a sheet of paper if I expected you to send me an answer. And I would send you a sheet of paper, but I have none as large as I would like to send, so that you could write me a splendid BIG, BIG letter. I hope you will come to see me in your new dress. I'm sure I'll feel like eating you up when you wear it, for I like crushed strawberries very much.

LILLIAN BURNS

One of the pretty English girls who will be seen at Daly's in "The Catch of the Season"

In the face of the many more than onerous exactions of his life, he might, as with many others, have found excuses for slighting the demands of the religion in which he was reared. There was not, however, any question on his part as to whether this or that law of the church was difficult of conformity on his part. He was always loyal to the obligations of his creed—never ostentatiously so. His contributions to the cause of religion, as well as to charity, were always munificent. In a spirit of reverence and gratitude, unusual, but wholly in keeping with his own unusual character, known only to those who knew him as the world did not know him, there was a certain percentage of his revenue computed and placed aside for charity as scrupulously as though he had to give an individual periodical accounting of it. He was very rigid about this. "As he rendered unto Cæsar," so did he render faithfully what was due to a higher power.



White

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

In "Easy Dawson" at Wallack's

Sunday in Mr. Daly's life was a great day. After church service and a resumé of the best Sunday papers he gave himself up to the fullest enjoyment of "home." Sunday evening gave to Mr. Daly his opportunity to fill a rôle for which he was royally adapted—that of host. In his home there were innumerable banquets given on Sunday evenings, attended by notabilities in the worlds of literature, art, diplomacy, luminaries of the bench, the church, the stage, etc. On those Sunday evenings not devoted to entertaining, he permitted himself the enjoyment of his rare books. As soon as the skies began to brighten in his life, he commenced to build up what represented his only form of self-indulgence—the library which constituted so prominent a feature of his attractive home, where room after room became a magnificent depository for those priceless treasures, in bringing which up to his own idealization of perfection, time, research, labor, fortunes indeed, counted as nothing. To visit him in his favorite "den" on Sunday evenings, absolutely hemmed in by his invaluable belongings, literally fondling the work on which his eye rested, was to happen in on a man whose countenance indicated supreme happiness—an atmosphere wherein he surely found fullest compensation for whatever was severe or sorrowful in his life. And in this

connection is entailed a pathetic acknowledgment of "the vanity of vanities" especially proclaimed in a career of lights and shadows so strongly defined. Since those days and these, in "the dismantling of the treasure house of Augustin Daly," this almost priceless collection has been sent to the four winds, has passed in fragments into the hands of the highest bidder, and, if one may introduce so prosaic a consideration, at prices of paltriest proportion to their real value. As an example: one work alone, in which was centered his pride and devotion, cost him in money alone $20,000; but which to its present possessor represents an expenditure of about one-fourth of that sum.

There is no doubt that Mr. Daly was in no condition to make the last trip abroad from which he was destined never to return. He was much broken in health. The effect of continuous struggle and strain was beginning to gain upon him severely. But a betrayal of faith and trust, embodying consequences which played a grave part in bringing his life to a premature finish, made this journey an imperative one.

It seems still another evidence of "the irony of Fate" that he could not have lived to realize the fulfillment of his dreams in regard to "Daly's London Theatre," that in the tedious course of the unwarrantable litigation (forced upon him as a result of his own misplaced confidence), which carried his case from court to court of appeal, the finally affirmed favorable decision should not have been reached until after death had rendered that decision an unmeaning one for him.

On the night before he sailed, although in the late spring, he sat in his office hugging an open fire, fighting against a well-defined attack of grippe. On the steamer, pneumonia developed. This he conquered, and, accompanied by Mrs. Daly and Miss Rehan, he reached England. Matters concerning the case involving the legality of his right to the lease of the theatre which had been built for him were still in abeyance, and his immediate presence in London was not essential. With natural chafing against loss of time, he decided upon going to Paris to look into affairs of importance there—where the end came suddenly, unexpectedly to all.

It was often a custom with Mr. Daly after a day of unusual mental and physical expenditure, when Nature clamored for undeniable rest, to come home perhaps half an hour before the usual time. He would be heard hastening up the stairs to say, "I am going to lie down. Don't let me sleep over twenty minutes. Awaken me then!"

White
Dustin Farnum, who will continue to appear in "The Virginian" next year

Thos. W. Ross, who will star in a new play by the author of "Checkers"

At the end of the time allowance, I remember asking him once how much of it really represented sleep, saying if it were I, knowing that time were really so short, I would begin by fearing that if I lost five or ten minutes the remainder would hardly be worth while, and that at the end of the twenty minutes I would perhaps still be wide awake. He laughed as he answered: "But that is not my way. I lay my head on the pillow for one purpose only—sleep. And in a second I am asleep. I have no time to waste for any other meaning." He was always so resolute and sure of himself!

And so it has always appeared most sorrowful to me, that the great misfortune of all should have been the fatal mistake of those last words of his before he fell asleep in the far-away hotel in Paris on June the 9th, 1899: "If I fall asleep, don't awaken me!" He did not *mean* to die then, surely! There was so much for him still to accomplish! Weakened and worn out as never before in his life, it must always seem to me that Death "caught him napping," as it were, and took an unfair advantage. If he had only been awake, he would not have surrendered acquiescently. He was so unconquerable, so brave always; even the "prince of terrors" might have relented in recognition and admiration of his splendid courage and spirit, and passing on, have yielded him perhaps another respite! Who knows? MARGARET HALL.

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Tolstoi has finished a new drama entitled "Behind the Scenes of the Russo-Japanese War." It was to have been produced at the Alexandra Theatre, St. Petersburg, but the censor prohibited the performance, declaring it a menace to the public peace and insulting to the Czar. Tolstoi has now offered his work to foreign theatre managers.

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Queen Elizabeth of Roumania (Carmen Sylva) whose drama, "Masioara," met with much success, has commenced another psychological drama which she calls "Fatality." The theme, remarkably realistic, is taken from Roumanian life.

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Gabriele D'Annunzio has outlined a new drama which, with his "Daughter of Jorio" and "Light Under a Bushel," will constitute a trilogy. It will be another Abruzzese tragedy and is entitled "The God Expelled." It deals with the ancient god of the people of Maru, who reigned and had temples and sacred groves on the shores of the Lake of Fucino. In the tragedy is represented the resistance of the god to civilization.

# My Beginnings

*By FRANK DANIELS*

Frank Daniels
In "The Ameer"

IF I lay aside shrinking modesty, and mention the first time I felt the stirring of great dramatic instinct within me, I shall have to say that it was when I stood at the open window of a dentist's office in Boston, waving a feather duster as a siren waves her tresses, and whispering wooingly to the brats on the street—the brattiest brats in Boston, all special friends of mine—"Daggy's out."

"Daggy" was my brother, Dr. Daggett, D.D.S. He was a bookish man, who cared a thousand times more for Shakespeare than teeth, and who let the one perish while he frowned and muttered over the other. He should have been the actor and I the dentist, "on the level." He was twenty-five years older than I, and a kind of father who didn't spare the rod or cane, or even the fire shovel, and spoil me. The only serious mistake he made in bringing me up was in giving over to me the position of honor and trust as his office boy. I accepted it with grateful tears and sincere promises, but I betrayed my trust. Once he left me to tend the slow fire over which he was vulcanizing an ancient maid's new mouthpiece, and I let it boil too long and hard, with the result that the rubber blew up and tore a hole in the ceiling, and nearly ended my youthful career by blowing off my head.

He didn't do what the good of the community demanded, discharge me. He let me linger on a-while and continue to wave the feather duster and warble as soon as his contemplative back was turned, "Daggy's out," and immediately his office was filled with all the boys in the block, who played leap-frog over the chair of torture and shaved themselves with his instruments. It has been said by cruel critics that my faces are my fortune, which faces I learned while I watched my brother play with his victims with his little forceps, but that isn't "on the level."

FRANK DANIELS
When the Opera House burned and he pawned his watch to get home

I concluded, and so did everybody else, that teeth were not the paving stones on the road to my fortune, and I left my brother's office for a business college. I tried to learn bookkeeping and the trimmings at Pierce's Business College, and I would have done so in time—a long time—had it not been that I knew the way to Melodeon's Billiard Hall, two blocks away. I was such an earnest student of billiards that I won second prize in a tournament. I didn't win a thirtieth prize in the business college, and wounded to the quick by the faculty's lack of appreciation of my latent business ability, I left the factory of business men.

When he wouldn't do for "Pinafore"

Deciding that cold business was not for me, and that I had an artistic temperament, I applied for work at a wood-carver's, and for three years I was tolerated—I should have said employed—by George Mathews, of Washington St. Much of my time I spent getting into my employer's good graces by cracking jokes, doing jig steps and standing on my head. I was pretty nimble with my tongue and legs, but my wood-carving was—well, sometimes I would work straight away for a week, turn out something that was at least striking, and, carrying it to Mr. Mathews, wait for the praise I deserved. It came.

"That's good," he would say. "Throw it in the stove."

But all this time I had been studying at the New England Conservatory of Music, taking singing lessons from John O'Neil. They thought I could sing then, but now, ah! now's always so different.

A piano player came to me one day and said, "They're needing chorus boys in an opera called 'Pinafore,' that plays at Nassau, N. H., to-morrow night. Why don't you go up and try it? Tell the manager I sent you."

I borrowed money from my brother for the fare both ways—there and back, remember—and went to Nassau. I appeared before His Highness, the stage manager, a few minutes before the performance began.

"Titus sent ye, did he?" he growled.

"Yes, sir," I said, looking up at him trustingly.

"What's your voice?"

"Baritone."

"Baritone!" You should have heard the language that fell from that stage manager's lips, all of it adjectives, descriptive of Titus. "He knows we want tenors."

"Yes, sir," said I, with a trustful upward look.

"Do you know the opera?" he grunted.

"Yes, sir."

He growled and grunted some more, but sent me to the room where the other chorus men were making up. Fifteen minutes later I was hopping around the stage doing everything the fellow in front of me did. But after the last curtain I was following the other boys off the stage and I heard the stage manager telling his troubles. I was the troubles.

"That little fellow over there. Titus sent him. Said he knew the opera. Can't sing a note of it. Said he'd been on the stage. Never saw a stage. Wait till I see Titus."

I didn't wait, but spent the remaining half of my brother's money getting back to Boston.

Still I wanted to go on the stage. For a year I hung about managers' offices. They received me as warmly as they do other beginners, and they

In "Little Puck"

# Scenes in the Stage Version of "In the Bishop's Carriage"

Nance Olden (Julia Dean) Latimer (John Westley) Tom Dorgan (Edmund Breese)

Act II.—Latimer, who has caught Nance and Dorgan robbing his apartment, gives Dorgan to the police, but makes no charge against Nance

Act III.—Latimer threatens Dorgan with arrest if he doesn't leave Nance

Act IV.—Nance, confronted by Dorgan's departing accusation, realizes that Latimer's faith means everything to her

Act III.—Dorgan having broken out of jail tries to make Nance abandon her new life and return to his

Photos by Hall

added a few cheerful remarks about my personal appearance.

"You're too small," they said with remarkable unanimity.

"Huh," said one. "Your face is about as expressionless as a gravestone. Think you'd better hire out as chief mourner at funerals. That's the only way you'll ever make a hit."

But I sang and danced at benefits whenever they would let me, wearing off my stage nervousness, and after a year of engagement-seeking I found a man who was willing to take me in spite of my low stature and solemn, owl face. George A. Jones allowed me to barnstorm with him, and I made my first professional appearance as the Sheriff in "The Chimes of Normandy" at Chelsea, Mass., in 1879. I played it so badly that it makes me feel faint even now to think of it. But by some strange trick of fate I was allowed to remain with the Boston Opera Company. I afterwards joined the McCaull company, but only for a very brief time.

I was with the Atkinson Jollities in "The Electric Doll," an adaptation they had made from a German farce. It was played by a company of five. It went well in the United States, but we tried it on the English provinces and the English couldn't see anything to laugh at in it. When our English tour ended, three members of the company had to have part of my money to get back to America. My most vivid remembrance of that tour was the trip home. It was as full of events as a dime novel.

White

ADELE RAFTER

Well-known operetta singer who has been appearing recently in vaudeville

We returned by the National Line. The boat was called the Helvetia, and the trip is fitly described only by the first syllable of the ship's name. She had aboard a cargo of some new disinfectant that smelled like the concentrated, distilled essence of ancient limburger. The odor was so insistent that when we turned in at night we pinched our noses and breathed through our mouths to escape it. The rats outnumbered all the other passengers ten to one, and that things might be still more agreeable, we struck an equinoctial storm that roared around us for three days. The only persons who could leave their berths were the captain, the first mate and the quartermaster. The ship stood on her nose and wagged her tail. She turned somersaults that would have made her a star at a turnverein. But the captain seemed to enjoy it. He enjoyed it so much in fact that he spent all his time in the smoking-room playing poker with the other officers. On the first morning that the storm showed signs of abating I looked over the edge of my bunk and saw that during the storm the rats had held an orgie and eaten the uppers of my shoes. Thrusting my feet into the remnants I went to the smoking-room to make a complaint. The captain had just been dealt a fine hand and was in excellent humor.

I gripped a rail with one hand, pointed to my tattered shoes with the other, and told my sad story.

"That's all right, my lad. Your play, Jock," said the captain. "The ship will never sink as long as there's rats aboard."

I went ashore in New York in a pair of borrowed carpet slippers.

Some time later I joined a company that was playing "The Star." Harry Conor and other boys were in the cast. We arrived at Greenville, N. C., and as we were driving uptown in the stage, Harry, who sat in front with the driver, said: "That is a magnificent sunset."

"Sunset h—l!" said the driver. "That's the opry house burnin' down."

That's the original "sunset story" and the true one. I had to pawn my watch to get home.

When Hoyt and Thomas made me Old Sport in "A Rag Baby," I began making money for myself and others. They gave me a share in the business and the firm became Hoyt, Thomas & Daniels. Then Kirke La Shelle took hold of me and I made money for him. They all made money more than Frankie. FRANK DANIELS.

The next article in the above series will be by Wilton Lackaye, who will relate his early stage experiences. Previous articles have been by Blanche Bates, Blanche Walsh, and Jefferson de Angelis. See past issues.

Falk

W. S. HART AS THE "BAD MAN" IN "THE SQUAW MAN"

Mr. Hart, who appeared recently as John Storm in "The Christian," was once a cowboy himself, so he is able to impart genuine atmosphere to his new rôle

In a recent interview Gustavo Salvini expressed his opinion of Ibsen's "Ghosts" as follows:

"Among other works of the great Norwegian dramatist, I have studied deeply 'Ghosts.' Nine years ago I was anxious to produce it, but I gave up the idea, and continued studying it in the original, consulting one scientific treatise after another in an effort to obtain a clear idea of Oswald's malady. It seemed to me that the remarkable, forceful interpretation of the rôle by Ermete Zacconi nevertheless erred by a too great concession to the scientific, pathological elements, with injury of the purely artistic side."

"What interests me deeply," continued Salvini, "is the experimenting as to whether the psychologic effect that Oswald's intellectual agony produces upon his mind tottering on the brink of idiocy, should or should not be the principal feature of the tragic action.

"Then again, he author did not intend that Oswald should be the chief character. The mother is the chief one. Is not she more intensely tragic than Oswald, the healthy mother who watches hour by hour the dissolution of her own child, and is present at the final tremendous moment when the son's conscience makes one last final effort for supremacy before the light of his reason is extinguished? Opposed to her, whom I like to fancy with hair cut short in Norwegian fashion and enveloped as in a mantle, in her ever intensified hopeless grief, I feel that I should occupy but a second place."

# Reminiscences of an American Beginner with Sir Henry Irving Ellen Terry and Sarah Bernhardt

Gertrude Norman

IT is now several years since I was a very humble and obscure member of the companies of the above-named famous artists, but my recollections of them are as clear and distinct as if it were only yesterday that I had the joy of working under their brilliant guidance.

As our first experience in all affairs of vital import can color the whole of our after life, I was more than fortunate to secure as my initiation into that most fascinating but at times disillusioning profession for a woman, a small opening at the Lyceum Theatre. Miss Gertrude Kingston, a well-known and extremely brilliant London actress, introduced me to Ellen Terry, and soon afterwards I became a member of the Lyceum forces.

While at the Lyceum I had many opportunities of seeing a good deal of both Sir Henry, Miss Terry, and that remarkable aggregation of players which Irving always managed to gather around him, and so many of whom are now the foremost artists of the English stage. Forbes Robertson was there, revealing in his aesthetic interpretations all the noble beauty, perfect grace, exalted intelligence, mellow diction, and intellectual art, which are so endearing him now to the American public. In the company, too, was Lena Ashwell, then in the early days of her fame. A lovely, girlish personality, so full of ardent frankness, emotion, poetry of temperament, and that curious charm which has so potently raised her to the very front ranks of English actresses. And there was Martin Harvey, with his spiritual, delicate beauty, flame-like genius, his luminous expressiveness, and swift, sensitive nature. His rôles at that time were usually not large, but all his work was an absolute promise of the rare and unique interpretations which he is now presenting as his own manager. Sydney Valentine, with his clever, good-humored face, masterful art and strange mediaeval personality, now one of London's most noted character actors and stage managers, was likewise a prominent member of the company. Others were: Genevieve Ward, with her proud, energetic intellect, her tragic, domineering power, her interest in and solicitude for all young aspirants; Julia Arthur, with her profound and sombre beauty, her enormous emotionalism, penetrating intellect, and gorgeous resonant voice; Annie Hughes, Maud Milton, Mary Rorke, Frank Cooper, Cooper Cliffe, Norman Forbes, William Farren, Ben Webster, William Haviland, Fuller Mellish, and Miss Terry's gifted son, Gordon Craig, and a host more of goodly names, now all scattered.

But above all these remarkable personalities, a number of whom are familiar in this country, two stand out pre-eminent, Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, the most unique figures probably that have ever graced the English stage, not only as artists and pioneers, but as two of the most generous, kind-hearted, interesting, loveable and potently individual human beings it has been my good fortune to meet.

Sir Henry Irving Ellen Terry

Sarah Bernhardt

Sir Henry always impressed one, despite his capabilities for long hours and days of vigorous work, as being a fragile and delicate man, one who had suffered great physical pain in the earnest battle of life. When he appeared in the early morning to his already gathered company, coming quietly and unobstrusively round the corner of some jutting wing, the most prosaic of us all felt a change and stimulus in the atmosphere. It was as if some grave and gentle sage or philosopher had come to speak to his waiting followers. Immediately one was aware that here was a man of the profoundest intellectual attainments, containing in that lofty brain so many brilliant qualities and gifts that there was little doubt whatever branch of art, literature, science or politics he had chosen for his medium of expression, in any one of them he must have poignantly succeeded.

When at rehearsal he was alert, tense, all-seeing and comprehensive, but in private life, usually grave, dreamy, absent-minded. But he could be, as many have attested, the most animated and genial of talkers, the best and wittiest of story-tellers. Nevertheless, one could never in his presence lose sight of the fact that his art was to him an all absorbing, monumental and worshipped passion.

The many unforgetable productions which evolved from under his master hand were rehearsed by himself and Miss Terry with the most ardent love. The rehearsals attendant on these lasted many weeks, but the enormous interest attached to them was so enthralling that one never grew weary, even though one often found the day and night had passed and dawn was flooding the

Gilbert and Bacon

LULU GLASER

Will star in a new piece entitled "Miss Dolly Dollars"

JOSEPH WHEELOCK, JR.

Will star in a new George Ade play called "Just Out of College"

Sarony

KATHERINE FLORENCE

Leading woman for Nat C. Goodwin in "The Beauty and the Barge"

London sky and streets. Behind the whole vibrating atmosphere of work, one was ever conscious of "the Governor's" hand and brain, manipulating and guiding the vast machinery. The old Lyceum was like some large hotel, with its many offices, Beef-Steak Room, green-rooms, innumerable dressing-rooms, and the floors given up to the wardrobe women, where so many of the lovely costumes were made. Then there were Hawes Craven's studios for the painting of all the exquisite Irving scenery.

Irving was benignly gentle, especially to the young folk and seemed to comprehend sympathetically the great awe in which we all held him. Occasionally he was a trifle shy, as if not quite sure what to say to us. To all he continually showed the sweetest tact and consideration, ever striving to find as topics of conversation the subjects most interesting to his colleague, friend or visitor. His sense of humor was both sly and delicious, and his criticisms of faults in one's work were so delicately made that one felt more as if receiving a compliment than a correction. Each and all worked for him with love, not fear, so it is little to be wondered that he attained harmonious results. I have seen him go over a tiny scene or an inflection from eighteen to twenty times, never losing his patience nor that wonderful sense of courtesy which haloes the whole man.

When Sir Henry was engaging me for "Richard III" we did not discuss business at all. He disliked touching on the pecuniary side of a contract and is well known for his munificence regarding salaries. We talked of the production of "Cymbeline," for which he had sent me seats, and ate large slices of home-made cake, baked by his old housekeeper, and which he kept in a tin box in his dressing-room. He had no knife to cut it with, so had to break it into big chunks. We sat side by side, I a diminutive and awe-struck morsel, and he majestic-looking in his dress suit, while Miss Terry looked on bubbling with glee at this great and simple man who immediately afterwards was going with her to a big dinner he was giving in the famous Beef-Steak Room to some notable people, including several Indian Princes.

There are many stories told of Sir Henry's little eccentricities, and all are too well known to bear repetition here, but one quaint little habit I do not recall having seen mentioned in print—that of his wearing different hats at rehearsal. By these hats we could usually tell the mood of our great chief and the length of the rehearsal before us. When he appeared in a smart, tall, silk hat, we knew it meant a brief hour or so's work. If he wore a high, stiff hat, such as Mr. Daly used to wear, it meant several hours of earnest labor, but if he appeared or called for a battered, shapeless, soft and very old brown hat, we knew that it meant an intense and arduous day. If this last adornment was flung off altogether, then we knew irrevocably it was a sign of all day and almost all the night within the walls of the theatre. But our green-rooms were so cheerful, with their blazing fires in winter and comfortable lounges, where one could read quaint prints on the walls, and with merry Miss Terry coming in to cheer our long waits when she could, that no one ever minded the length of time. Both Miss Terry and Sir Henry were devoted lovers of animals, and the latter's faithful fox-terrier followed his every footstep. It was this same little dog who at one time when his master was going on a long journey, and thought it wiser to leave his canine comrade behind, followed the train-tracks a long distance until he reached the town where his beloved master was.

Miss Terry, too, was beloved by the entire company. Like the radiant gleam of sunshine over the face of dark and troubled waters shines the memorable light of her exquisite, gracious loveliness. She radiated as unique a charm as her great colleague, only one was the magnetic charm of mystic, solitary mountain peaks, and the other the charm of the warm, human unfolding of a perfect rose, grown in some quaint, old-fashioned English garden. Her tears, her laughter, her wild-eyed pathos, the caress of her whole loveable personality drew one with its sweet affection. She was irresistible with her careless, easy grace, her large-hearted expressiveness and exalted look of sentiment and poetry.

In private life Miss Terry is the most absolutely womanly woman it would be possible to meet. She has since those days given up her lovely home in Barkston Gardens, where it was a momentous pleasure to go and have high-tea with her and her interesting family. We used to sit round a big table in

front of a large open fire-place, a warm lamp-light illuming the faces of Miss Terry presiding so wisely and so buoyantly (her mop of fair hair often done up in irresponsible curl-papers), and a dear old lady in white muslin cap tied under the chin, called "Boo," the children's governess, who always remained a member of the family long after they were grown up and out in the world.

One often met there eager, bright, American girls, of whom Miss Terry was ever especially fond. Miss Terry, as Arthur Symons so pregnantly puts it, "is ever the eternal girl." I recall once on going to see her, her sending me down a doll and a kitten to amuse me while waiting for her. And to see her romping with her beautiful grandchildren, like some mischievous kitten herself, is a sight long to be remembered.

Her home was full of the intimate fascination of her own attractive personality. The library was a source of perennial joy. She was the first to lend me that completely revealing psychology of a young girl's soul, "The Diary of Marie Bashkirtseff." On almost every page some little remark was written in pencil. And these little annotations were the first things to make me realize the impulsively sympathetic nature of this most sympathetic of women.

In the theatre she was the friend, teacher, counselor, encourager and champion of all the younger members. Many a time has she gone over my scenes with me, giving me suggestions from her invaluable store-house of knowledge and her immeasurably swift insight. She was so tender and generous, so delighted if one did anything especially well, so overflowing with the desire to help and praise, so sympathetic to sensitiveness and sorrow. Her character was one of those which abounded in giving, and cold, egotistical or unresponsive natures bewildered and hurt her.

Miss Terry was full of the most mischievous moods, and her continual pranks both on and off the stage were a constant source of delight to us. There was no deadweight of fear, sycophancy to position, or the abjectness of crushed individualities in that unsurpassable school for the learning of the technique, unity, object, beauty and wisdom of art. Each was at ease and able to develop him or herself to the utmost limits of their possibilities.

To watch Miss Terry rehearsing was an inspiration. She had and still has the most effervescent temperament ever given to an English artist of our time. She would dart here, there, and everywhere, full of sudden, impulsive ideas and luminous suggestions for lighting, draping, color, groupings, entrances, inflections, etc., which often might escape the more technical and balanced brain of Sir Henry. Miss Terry is the perfect combination of the blending of the rarest imaginative faculties with the utmost child-like simplicity. And is it not this perennial youth and wonderful simplicity of nearly all the greatest artists which so endears them to the theatre-going public?

Otto Sarony Co. ROBERT LORRAINE
Will be seen this coming season in George Bernard Shaw's curious play "Man and Superman"

I had neither met nor seen Madame Bernhardt when I entered her company through the kind influence of Miss Terry. Of course, I had heard much of her marvellous, world-famed genius, her extraordinary personality, passionate temper, daring deeds, travels and eccentric habits, and although I expected to learn much from association with these Latin artists which would be of infinite value to me, I own I was inwardly filled with a certain amount of trepidation, coming especially as I did from an atmosphere of such harmony and self-control as was exhibited at the Lyceum.

As Madame Bernhardt did not attend the first rehearsals, I waited impatiently for my first glimpse of her. We were in the middle of a rehearsal of "Gismonda," when suddenly the ranks divided, and I saw coming towards me, bowing graciously to right and left, the most remarkably individual looking woman I had ever seen. A small, upright woman, whose age one never troubled to think about, so scathlessly did it pass over her. Her whole being blazed with an almost primeval energy, triumph, ambition, enthusiasm, and the intensity of an ardent temperament. Every one seemed to become phlegmatic, heavy, pale and lifeless before this embodiment of tense, vibrative, nervous force. Her life seemed to stretch itself out.

When on the stage with Madame Bernhardt one is at first positively petrified by her extraordinary simulations of rage, passion, despair, love, hate or joy, and then can fully realize in that so often disillusionizing nearness the potent power she exerts over the audiences of all nations. The effect she had on me the first night I was on the stage with her was disastrously paralyzing. The play being a familiar one to her she had done little more than suggest at rehearsals what she intended doing. I was a small and reverent acolyte, swinging incense on the altar steps, with various bits of "business" attendant on that small but, to my mind, all important position. When I turned and saw kneeling at my very feet, almost in confession, a grief-stricken woman, uplifted by the intention of a great sacrifice, pouring out her story in that unsurpassable voice, with outstretched hands and tearful gaze, the stage, my little duties, everything passed completely from my mind, and, dropping my censor, I began to weep bitter tears in sympathy. I never saw any signs of *abnormal* eccentricity in Bernhardt. Both in her private and professional life she was invariably a charming, cultured and considerate woman. She was always either busy with her pen, at the theatre, or in her studio painting or sculpturing. That she was at all times *unusual* is obvious, for is not true genius an untrammeled fearlessness of soul that can and dares to be its intense and highest self? Her passionate love of truth and beauty seemed to me to be the guiding and inspiring forces of all her actions. GERTRUDE NORMAN.

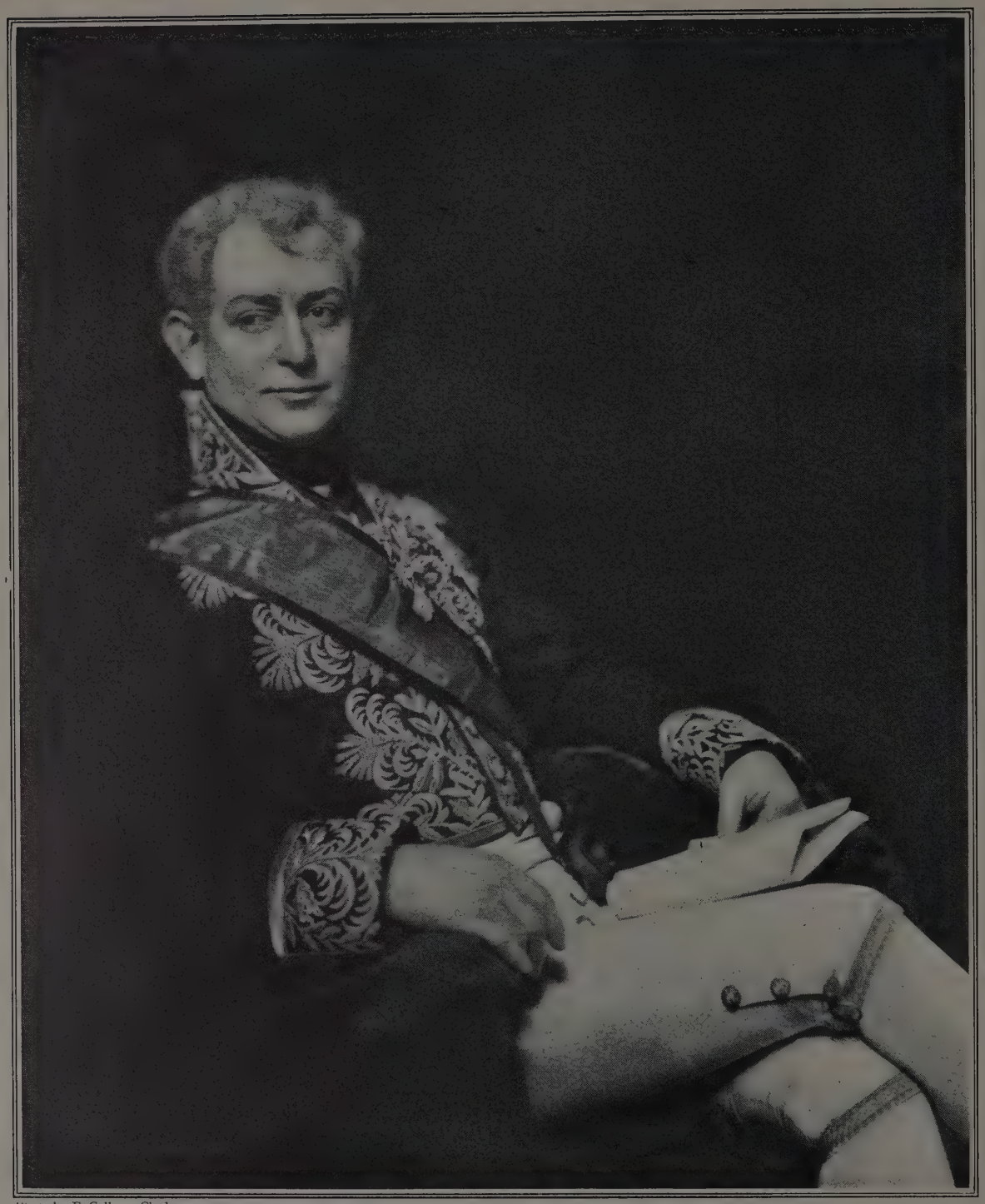


Photo by F. Colburn Clarke

EDWIN ARDEN AS THE PRINCE DE METTERNICH IN "L'AIGLON"

# Edwin Arden—Wild West Hero and Eastern Artist

*(CHATS WITH PLAYERS No. 42)*

YE matinée girls who have marvelled and thrilled at his love-makings and the sorrows of his torn heart; ye older and sterner folk who have comprehended the mental grasp and admired the intellectuality that dominated his more complex performances—for is not the lover always primitive?—read!

The Edwin Arden of your admiration and your hundred inquiries is not the Eastern-bred man, the spirit of libraries of psychology that your imagination has limned. Or, to be as accurate as the schoolmen, he is in effect this and far more. Perhaps this is one of the secrets of the fascination he exerts upon his audiences, even when it is a professional matinée critical audience, composed chiefly of those of his own motley cloth, that Edwin Arden is a many-sided man; and in variety has the world always found interest, even sometimes infatuation. The fact to which I invite your attention at the outset of this chat with and about the Loris Ipanoff of the latest presentation of "Fedora," of the original Lancelot of "Merely Mary Ann," and of that icily repellent and artistically superb Prince Metternich, of "L'Aiglon," is his Westernism.

It is the quality which makes him welcome the long jumps en tour that carry him to the farthest and biggest West, which causes him to ride two-thirds of the time, against the regulations of well-conducted common carriers, on the rear platform, or even in the engine, in transit, which made him in the drawing-room of his home at 351 W. Twentieth street, New York, sit erect on the gilded French chair as though on the back of a bounding pony,

lift his head, fill his chest and look wistfully at mention of the great West. For look you, ye who write so many monogramed notes to and about Edwin Arden, this refined and intellectual actor of your curiosity was born in the convention-free, individuality-developing section of the country where every man is as good as his neighbor, or even a little better, and where it is bad form to ask the most veiled questions about the prior life on the effete Atlantic coast, and where grandfathers, instead of being honorable institutions and social fetiches, are disregarded entities or even superfluities, where a man's a man in spite of family or the lack of it, wealth and lack of it, or a' that.

White EDWIN ARDEN IN PRIVATE LIFE

Are you already tired of this appreciation of the West, which breeds men and energy and ideas? I was not as it fell warmly from the lips of this man from the West.

In that broad-bosomed West Edwin Arden was a runaway boy, stealing rides on freight cars, riding the range after liberty-worshiping mustangs, waiting on the guests in the dining-room of a little railway hotel, asking for food at hospitable doors where "tramps" were unknown and only brothers in temporary financial distress and with stomachs craving wholesome nourishment were recognized, wounded by a man who resented his freedom of tongue, sleeping in the open with the sky for a canopy, and the rain as a lullaby, riding in cabooses to backwoods stations as paymaster to men who worked on the railroad. 'Tis experience and the sentiment of birth, as well as its own catholicity of principle and infinite breadth of vision, that endear the West to Edwin Arden.

In the long, cool drawing-room, its furniture shrouded from the heat and dust of midsummer, its olive paper and marble and bronze statuettes, its fine old etchings and prints of classic subjects, its soft green shades at the windows tempering the glare of the street, everything, even the man himself, garbed correctly, even fashionably, for the afternoon, conventional and the essence of Easternism. Mr. Arden told this story of origin and impress:

"Perhaps of the kindly things that have been said of me, I have cared most for the statement that my following is among the most thoughtful and best-read persons, the truly best people of our country. If that is true, and I give these chosen persons anything worthy their reflection, it is because for a long time I acted as amanuensis to a clever and competent newspaper man. That man was my father. In my youth he was a leader writer for the old St. Louis *Republican*. He did most of his work at home and sent his "copy" to the office. Often I was the messenger who carried it, and always I knew every word that had been written, and day by day, through my association with his thought, the scope of my vision was enlarging."

Mr. Arden smiled quizzically. The smile reveals, in most instances, the man. Upon his composed, somewhat cold face it shone genially and lingered softeningly. In its light one saw that his brown eyes which looked tired in the afternoon light, boyishly brightened. It seemed to affect even his accents, which, slightly measured, took on a more fervid pace.

"My experiences prior to that had also tended to a certain breadth of view and to some necessary self-reliance. When I was fourteen and my brother slightly older, we decided that we would not be whipped any more. The neighborhood, upon which we had made a distinct but not wholly flattering impression, and my father did not agree with us in our reading of the future. My father, Arden Smith, was a military man who believed in army discipline. Army discipline comprehended corporal punishment. Our views and our father's on corporal punishment had always differed widely, and we decided to prove to him that he was in error. It was I who made the pronouncement.

" 'Father,' I said, 'we have decided that we won't be whipped any more. If you insist upon it, we are going to run away.'

" 'I do insist upon it, when it is necessary,' he returned, giving me an iron gray glance through his eyeglasses.

"I reported the ultimatum to my brother, and he, after due reflection, revised his opinion about corporal punishment and was rewarded by a course in Columbia College. I can never forgive him that college course. No such advantages fell to me.

"But I, counting my assets of the age of fourteen years and twenty-six dollars in bank that I had saved from my allowance, made my plans for a solitary elopement. I arranged for a consignment of fish that I might take to Denver. If the fish arrived and were delivered at the dealer's alive, I should have a fair profit, and at any rate, my fare to the city. I worked my way to Denver by riding in the stock car and not sleeping a moment in the three days and nights. I had to keep the water constantly replenished, else the fish would die. So I slept not, and the fish arrived alive in Denver. We were put off at a small side station at

Fredericks
As John Oxon in "The Lady of Quality"

In his own play, "Barred Out"

night. The station was closed and I called to a passing teamster and tried to engage him to deliver my fish at the dealer's. He said he had done a day's work and was tired and was going home. I exhausted cajolery on the fellow, and finding that unfailing I applied vigorous language. His reply was startling. It signified that I was in different longitude from my native St. Louis. It proved to me that in this farthest West we might not apply epithets to strange persons with impunity, whatever the provocation. The teamster aimed deliberately, fired and sent a ball through my right foot. Having thus exchanged sentiments with me, he drove away.

"I left the fish to die. I wandered along the track till I came to a rough board house, which I learned was a boarding house for section hands on the railroad. The Irish woman who kept it took me in. Conforming to the etiquette of the West, she asked no questions about my plight. She must have had a rough knowledge of surgery, for she cleaned and dressed my wound herself, and took care of me for six weeks, until the wound was healed. I had admitted to her that I was a runaway and told her to keep my secret, which she did. When I was well again I gave the woman my hoarded twenty-six dollars and worked my way to Indian Territory, where I became a cowboy.

Sarony PAUL GILMORE
The young romantic actor as he will appear this coming season in the dramatization of William Farquar Payson's story "Debonnaire"

"For four years I led that life with all the varying fortunes of the plains, for fortunes vary on the lanos estacado as elsewhere. I drifted back, on the tide of these varying fortunes, to Colorado, to Fort Dodge, Kansas, where I met that renowned 'bad man,' Bat Masterson—I reminded him of it the other night when I met him at the Metropole—and to Wyoming, where I was glad to wait on the table at a small hotel for my board, and where I was not ashamed to ask at back doors for food when I needed it. There was no odium attached to such a request in those crude times and places. The heart of brotherhood beat louder than in the crowded cities of the East.

"It was at Cheyenne, Wyoming, that I thought of mother. Not that I hadn't thought of her before in the still watches on the plains, but the thought of father's ultimatum on the subject of whipping had overshadowed her. But this night in Cheyenne, four years after I had run away, and during all of which time she had not heard from me, the thought of her obtruded. Neither pool, nor the jokes of the other cowboys, nor the story of a horse thief who had been hanged in the canon below, would banish the thought. Perhaps it is explainable on the ground of telepathy. She told me afterward that every night she prayed that I would come back. Often she prayed in agony of yearnings, and it was at one of these moments that I sold my saddle and other belongings to a tenderfoot and said, by way of laconic reason, 'I'm going home.'

"I did go home. We'll pass lightly over that home-coming. Mother received me with tears. I said to father, 'I won't be whipped any more.' He surveyed the growth in all directions that was the record of those four years, and said, 'You won't,' and thereafter father and I lived in peace and amity. That was the period when I derived as liberal an education as I possessed from helping him in my slight measure with his editorial labors.

"Through my father's influence I was later made paymaster of the St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad, and traveled over the route every month, paying the men. Father happening to be appointed Indian agent in Oklahoma, I traveled over the old plains with him.

"'You haven't any idea, governor, what my hardships were on this same ground,' I said, smiling, and he smiled back, and, man-like, we went into the old, sore subject no further.

"The governor was appointed receiver of the Grand Opera House of St. Louis, and I was appointed assistant treasurer of the house. One morning, when I happened to be in a good humor, Thomas Keene came to the box-office and asked if there was any mail. I opened the window and answered civilly that there was none. Mr. Keene, who was a humorist off the stage, affected to have an attack of heart-failure. He explained that the last box-office man whose precincts he had ventured upon had growled a negative and shaken a ferocious head. The contrast with this demeanor, he explained, came near fatally affecting him. Subsequently I asked Mr. Keene to put me on the stage.

"'Why?' said he.

"'Because I think I could become a good one.'

"While he gave no sign of agreeing as to the brilliancy of my future, he finally consented to give me a trial. I showed no more appreciation than by asking him for his daughter. He

White MAY CONVELL
Seen last season in Lulu Glaser's Company

White HELEN LACKAYE
Sister of Wilton Lackaye and now playing in stock in St. Louis

# Richard Carle in His New Piece, "The Mayor of Tokio"

Charles W. Meyers | Richard Carle | Edward Garvia

THE "PEANUT" BALLET IN "THE MAYOR OF TOKIO"

From left to right are Marie Salisbury, Irene O'Donnell, Olive Roberts, Helen Brandon, Kathryn Ardwani, Daisy Johnstone

made no objection. Mrs. Keene made active objection. She said she did not want her daughter to marry an eighteen-dollar-a-week actor. I think now she was right. Then I thought she was wrong. Fortunately Miss Keene did not share her mother's prejudice, and in time she honored me by marrying me."

Yes, ye who make romantic queries about him, in spite of that slim and youthful figure, Mr. Arden is married. His wife is the popular president of the Woman's Professional League, and he has a lovely young daughter who fills his eye so far as young creatures like you are concerned.

"No doubt those experiences of roughing it in the West have had their effect upon my work as an actor," Mr. Arden resumed. "Every character as a player presents it is a mosaic of his own impressions, colored by the author's creation, of course. A part is always a composite. I doubt not that a mannerism of this man from Oklahoma, or a grimace of that man from Wyoming, enters into some of my conceptions. When I was playing in 'The Ninety and Nine,' my railroad days served me, for I arranged the business in the station scene while they were waiting for despatches, and when I climbed into the engine to rehearse my part of saving the lives of villagers, I discovered that it was an empty engine, and insisted that there be something there to lend reality to the scene.

Morrison, Chicago

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF EDNA MAY

Who will be seen shortly at Daly's in the English musical comedy entitled "The Catch of the Season"

"'Give me a throttle,' I demanded. 'Two or three in the audience may miss it, and if they do the scene will be spoiled.'

"I went to the Pennsylvania tracks in Jersey City, carrying a letter to the yard-master, and for a week I consorted with engineers and firemen, and rode on switch engines until my old knowledge of the mechanism came back. I had my engine properly fitted up, and it was fortunate I did, for it chanced that I had to play before an audience from the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers that held its convention in New York. If there had been no throttle they would have hooted."

And now there flashed another character facet. We left the boy of diverse occupations in the West and had our actor seeking to conquer the East. We had him leaving the Keene company because of his destined mother-in-law's objections to his presence for his courtship, and we found him searching the offices of managers and agents for an opportunity.

"Do you think you can play this part?" asked a cautious manager.

"I know I can," was young Arden's answer, and it won him the engagement.

While he was youthful and plastic, Edwin Arden, whose original name, by the way, was Hubert Pendleton Smith, which he, conceiving that Smith was undesirable as a stage name, had changed, with his father's consent by law, to Edwin Arden—joined the celebrated Boston Museum Stock Company, the best stock company in the United States. There he played with the visiting stock stars, Charles Barron and Edwin Booth, and Clara Morris. In one night of boyish triumph he shared twenty-one calls with Booth, and afterwards had three of his own. In his den on the second floor of the West Twentieth street house, in a narrow, black frame, hangs this autograph letter from Edwin Booth, written by the tragedian from Boston in 1885:

Boston, April 23, '85.

My Dear Mr. Arden—I understand that you do not remain at the Museum, but contemplate a movement on your own responsibility with reason. You have my sincerest wish for your venture, and if any endorsement of mine as to your merits as an actor will be of any use to you in your professional undertaking, I gladly give it. I shall miss your efficient aid during my next engagement with Mr. Field, but cannot conscientiously counsel you to abandon the project you have in view.

With sincere wishes for your success and kindest regards,

Truly yours,

Edwin Booth.

Mr. Arden's eyes still glow with fervent enthusiasm at thought of the value of that dramatic training of twenty years ago.

"What hard work and what invaluable profit," he exclaimed. "One week I played six old comedy parts, that were new to me. I had the advantage of stage direction by Dion Boucicault, the greatest of stage managers, as an artist unequalled, as a man—well, not always popular. But the points he gave one! I took myself in hand. When his arrogance at rehearsal was no longer bearable, I went down to the cellar and said some vigorous things to myself, but I always brought myself back. 'Submit to being called a "d—m fool" for the instruction you receive from him,' I would advise myself. When he had quarreled with his son Dot, he proposed to make me his leading man. Under all his stage arrogance there was always an undercurrent of personal kindness to me. I owe an indefinite debt to Dion Boucicault. And to Charles Barron another.

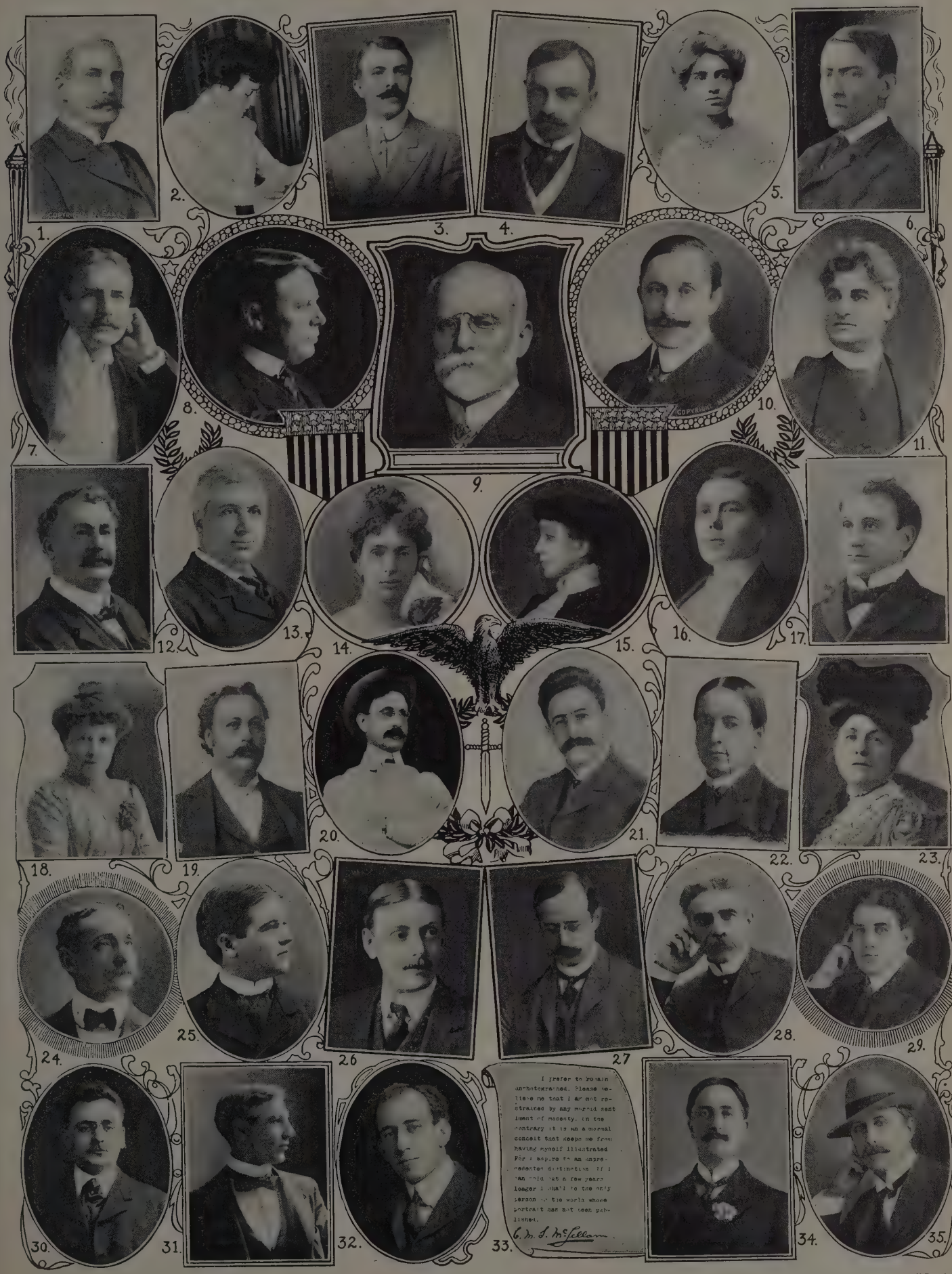
"In stage settings the theatre has gone forward, but in ethics it has gone back. At the Boston Museum caste was strongly drawn. The young actor who had not won his spurs saluted the leading members of the company as the rank salute their commanding officer in the army. Now they slap them on the back and roar 'Hello, Jim,' in their ears. Then the player who was earning six dollars a week, and his kind, were barred from the green room. When he had earned recognition it was his, but until then he must remember his rank. Ah, how it made for discipline!

"I remember how when Charles Barron said: 'I want you to call me Charlie,' my throat filled with an unmanageable lump at the honor. And when I dared to call this great man 'Charlie,' the other members of the company were aghast, and expected me to be discharged. O, for a dramatic educational institution like that fine old Museum to-day!

"Acting is no longer an art. It is that which is easier than working in a foundry. Take the well-set-up young man with no brains worthy the name, who fills a place in a company and claims to be a actor, what could he earn at a sales counter or driving a truck? Eight or ten dollars a week. Clearly he is doing what will earn for him the most money. But is he an artist?—ah, that is another matter."

Ada Patterson.

# American Dramatists Who Supply Our Stage with Plays




The names of the dramatists and the title of the play each is identified with are as follows: 1. F. Marion Crawford, "In the Palace of the King;" 2. Genevieve G. Haines, "Hearts Aflame;" 3. Rupert Hughes, "What Will People Say;" 4. Paul Armstrong, "The Heir to the Hoorah;" 5. Julie Herne, "Richter's Wife;" 6. George Ade, "The College Widow;" 7. William Gillette, "Secret Service;" 8. Augustus Thomas, "The Earl of Pawtucket;" 9. Bronson Howard, "The Henrietta;" 10. Clyde Fitch, "Her Own Way;" 11. David Belasco, "Adrea;" 12. Edward E. Kidder, "Sky Farm;" 13. Paul Potter, "Trilby;" 14. Martha Morton, "A Bachelor's Romance;" 15. Grace Livingston Furniss, "Mrs. Jack;" 16. Henry Blossom, Jr., "Checkers;" 17. Charles Klein, "The Music Master;" 18. Madeleine Lucette Riley, "Christopher, Jr.;" 19. J. I. C. Clarke, "Heartsease;" 20. John Luther Long, "Mme. Butterfly;" 21. Sydney Rosenfeld, "The Senator;" 22. Kelmett Chalmers, "Abigail;" 23. Lottie Blair Parker, "Way Down East;" 24. J. J. McNally, "Rogers Brothers in London;" 25. Theodore Burt Sayre, "Tom Moore;" 26. Frederick Ranken, "The Chaperones;" 27. Frank Pixley, "The Prince of Pilsen;" 28. H. A. DuSouchet, "My Friend from India;" 29. Channing Pollock, "The Pit;" 30. Theodore Kremer, "The Fatal Wedding;" 31. Willis Steell, "The Firm of Cunningham;" 32. William C. DeMille, "Strongheart;" 33. C. M. S. McLellan, "Leah Kleschna;" 34. Charles Emerson Cook, "The Rose of the Alhambra;" 35. Henry Tyrrell, "The System of Dr. Tarr"

# The Julia Deans—Yesterday and Today

Julia Dean
*From a photograph*

"EVERY fact has two faces," Maxim Gorky hath it, and we know that every shield has its obverse side. Even a beautiful and gifted woman presents not always the radiant phase. Two pictures we have then, two pictures at least, of Julia Dean. One of them is this, written by an old beau who wore lace ruffles and perpetuated the echo of his heart beats in verse in a former and more romantic generation:

"Twenty years ago there came to Nashville a fat old fellow who wore ruffled shirts, carried a silver-headed cane and had a pretty daughter. Gods, what a beauty that girl was! 'Tall she stood and peerless,' but not too tall, and her figure grazed that neat air life where etherealism leaves off and rotundity begins—as trim, lithe and graceful a figure as ever swept down to the footlights or shone in the chaste marble of the Bella Verona. There was a quiet giving way before her wherever she went, and a fragrance and a freshness and an innocent, artless, natural coquetry about her that she seemed to have caught up along with many other inspirations that were hers. Men are fond of novelty, and prefer naivete to character in women. She possessed a little of both, but not enough of either to repel one. Such eyes! Aye, and such a way of using them! There are old bucks among us—they were young bucks then—who will wince at the thought of those great, bright eyes, whose greasy old waistcoasts that have not concealed a sentiment for a decade at least, will thump as they read these lines, and whose rusty old romantic notions, long since forgotten, will pop up like bottle imps and remind them how verdant they were. They wanted to marry her—lots of them wanted to do that—and they crowded the Adelphi nightly, and were vastly elated if Mr. John Green should invite them to 'walk in and take something with meeself and mee esteemed friend, Mr. Dean.'

"The girl was Julia Dean. She had just begun her career—coming here from Cincinnati, where she was born some sixteen or eighteen years before. The stage of this country was very bare at that time. Mrs. Drake and Miss Tree had gone off, and Miss Logan and Miss Davenport had not come fairly on. Charlotte Cushman held the post of Dowager Queen of the drama, but she was heavy and tragic and homely. There was an opening for something sweet and tender and blossomy, for la Sylphide, for Julia Dean. With what an easy, natural grace she took the position which was made for her. Pauline and Julia were pretty parts then, not so stale and dog-eared, flat and played out. She gave them naively and tenderly, and people carried two cambric handkerchiefs when they went to see her. What a treat it was, and what royal, sentimental, green old days they were. It was worth half an income to see that girl fall into the arms of Clifford or motion Melnotte away."

Collection T. Allston Brown

JULIA DEAN AS JULIET
*From an engraving*

Thus the old beau with the lace ruffles and the propensity for verses. Miss Rose Eytinge says in her "Recollections": "Very hard I worked to support the stars that came in a steady procession to the Green Street Theatre in Albany when I was leading woman there. Among them I remember Julia Dean, surely one of the 'sweetest women e'er drew breath' was that same Julia Dean. It seemed to be a sort of benediction when she leaned over and fixed her soft, gentle eyes on one."

The radiant picture fades into this drear one. A "Lover of the Stage" wrote recently to a dramatic journal:

"While recently walking through the beautiful Laurel Grove Cemetery at Port Jervis, N. Y., the aged care-taker called my attention to a circular burial plot overlooking a lake, in the centre of which, surrounded by mountain laurel shrubs and lilac bushes, is a sunken mound, under which the venerable keeper declared rested 'as great and fine a lookin' actress as the country ever had,' and further stated that 'much of a time was made over her in New York.' He also said that when 'her body was brought on here a big crowd of theatre folks came on to see her buried and they cried over her open grave.'

"I carefully noted the location of the actress' lot, and visited the little cemetery office on the grounds, and in looking over the admirably kept records I was astonished to find that it represented the grave of a fair member of the dramatic profession whose tomb has been entirely lost sight of and dramatic editors and historians have been unable for years to enlighten those of their readers who sought to discover her place of rest. Beneath this mound rests all that is mortal of the once lovely Juliet of the American stage—Julia Dean.

"The complete record of the Laurel Grove Cemetery reads:

"'Name—Julia Dean-Hayne-Cooper.

"'Place and time of nativity—Pleasant Valley, near Poughkeepsie, N. Y., July 21, 1830.

"'Names of parents—Edwin and Julia Dean.

"'Place and date of death—New York City, May 19, 1886.

"'Second husband's name—James G. Cooper.

"'Buried in Lot No. 3, section B, owned by her father-in-law, Mathew H. Cooper.

"'Remains first placed in the marble cemetery receiving vault,

Photo by the Otto Sarony Co.

This new portrait of Miss Viola Allen was taken only three weeks ago when the actress came to New York to make preparations for her forthcoming production of Clyde Fitch's comedy of Georgian days entitled "The Toast of the Town." Miss Allen made her début on the stage about twenty-three years ago in "Esmeralda," taking the place of Annie Russell at the old Madison Square Theatre. Both her parents have been long identified with the stage. Her father, Leslie Allen, who came originally from Boston, is known as one of the best "character old men" actors on our stage, and her mother was formerly well known in the dramatic world as Mrs. Brutone. Miss Allen's first real success came when she appeared under the management of Charles Frohman as Rosamond in Sydney Grundy's delightful comedy "Sowing the Wind." Other successful appearances were in "Aristocracy," "Liberty Hall," "The Councillor's Wife" and "Gudgeons." Later she became a star, playing for several seasons in "In the Palace of the King," "The Christian" and "The Eternal City." Last season, Miss Allen devoted herself to Shakespeare, making a splendid production of "The Winter's Tale."

Second St., New York City. Transferred to Laurel Grove Cemetery, Port Jervis, April 16, 1868.'

"At the foot of the eminent actress' grave slumbers the unnamed girl infant for whom Julia Dean surrendered her illustrious life. She was a martyr of motherhood.

"None of her relatives were ever able to erect a monument over her remains, and it seems a pity that this exquisite actress of another generation should forever sleep in an unrecorded sepulchre.

"Having heard that the noble Actors' Fund of New York has caused many a granite tomb-stone to be erected over the graves of their worthy comrades, and as Julia Dean was so sweet and accomplished an artist, I hoped that by calling attention to this forgotten and out-of-the-way tomb through the columns of the most powerful of America's dramatic journals it might result in placing a modest memorial stone of granite at the head of the mound under which reposes Julia Dean, whose splendid genius Dion Boucicault compared to that of another gifted and beautiful daughter of the drama, the ideal Juliet, Adelaide Neilson, who awaits the final call in distant England, beneath an imposing mortuary memorial, thanks to the influence of the loyal William Winter."

Sarony

THE JULIA DEAN OF TODAY
Who will be seen in the stage version of "In the Bishop's Carriage"

Between the bright picture and the dark there passed a succession of others varying in character. There were triumphs successively in her portrayals of Juliet, of Julia in "The Hunchback," as Peg Woffington and as Viola. Archness, grace, a captivating girlishness were the keynotes of her acting. Traditions relate that she held David Belasco in her arms in the last act of "East Lynne" in Vancouver, British Columbia. The last part she played was that of Ann Catheneh in a version of Wilkie Collins' novel, "The Woman in White." The career of Julia Dean points an argument for the celibacy of actresses. For with her marriage to Dr. Hayne, of Charleston, S. C., came an eclipse of her talents, as unhappiness has ever thrown a shadow upon the path of genius. The marriage was a sorrowful mistake. One of the pictures intervening between the first painted of her youthful radiance and the last of her lying in an unmarked grave in a country cemetery, is that which shows a weeping, shrinking figure, trembling on her own doorstep in a storm at midnight, after the play, her unworthy husband having locked the door, taken the key with him and departed for some haunt more to his taste than home. A neighbor burst the door in to permit the actress to enter her own home.

While she was playing in Salt Lake City she brought suit for divorce from Dr. Hayne, whereupon Brigham Young, the head of the Mormon Church, waited upon her in state and offered to make her Mrs. Brigham Young No. XXIV, an honor which she firmly but sweetly declined. She afterwards married James G. Cooper, of New York, and died a year later.

During her father's life he always traveled with her, chaperoning her affably when circumstances permitted, grimly when they required. For a long time he was manager of the Eagle Theatre, Rochester, and later leased a theatre in Buffalo. He was one of the most popular managers who ever got together a cast.

Frank C. Bangs, the venerable actor, dropping into a dressing room for a chat, marked the odd character of his hostess' make-up box. It was long and narrow, of tin, painted black.

"My grandfather's envelope box," she explained. "He always carried it with him."

Tears welled to the old actor's eyes. He bent and pressed his lips upon the old box. "My first salary came out of that," he said, "and it was handed to me by one of the kindest souls that ever lived, Edwin Dean. God rest his soul."

Julia Dean of this generation is the granddaughter of Edwin Dean and niece and namesake of the elder Julia Dean. Miss Dean, who is the daughter of Alfred Dean, the younger brother of the actress, was born in Minneapolis. She made her début in Joseph Jefferson's company, and the next season joined the Neil Stock Company on the Pacific coast, where, as the company's ingenue, she won public applause and a gratifying social position.

Three years ago she played leading parts with N. C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliott. The following season she joined the Leibler forces and supported Vesta Tilley in "Algy." She was afterwards in the cast of "Merely Mary Ann." Last season she was with Cecelia Loftus in "The Serio-Comic Governess." She was E. J. Morgan's leading woman in "A Gentleman from Indiana," and has been playing in a Worcester stock company this summer. This coming season she will play the leading feminine rôle in the stage version of "In the Bishop's Carriage," the dramatization of which interesting novel, made by Channing Pollock, has just been successfully produced on the road.

Mr. Bangs and others, in whom live tender memories of the elder actress, see many of her traits and mannerisms repeated in the younger.

PAUL HOWARD.

Otto Sarony Co.

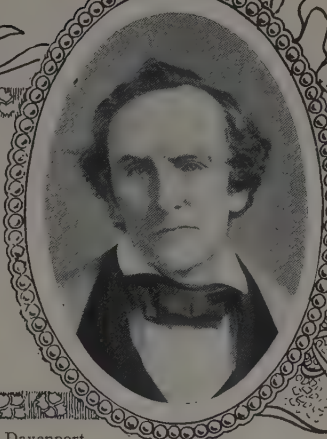
THE EVOLUTION OF A LAUGH

Marshall P. Wilder, the well-known entertainer, illustrates here the faces he sees among the audience in front while they are undergoing the process of digesting one of his funny stories

Fanny Davenport

# FAMOUS FAMILIES OF AMERICAN PLAYERS

## No. 8—THE DAVENPORTS



E. L. Davenport

IN the days of lumbering stage coaches and long journeys between places now reached in a few hours by railroad, travellers used to start from a tavern in Boston, owned by Asher Davenport, a discreet business man and a thrifty husband, and these same travellers, on their way to New Hampshire or Maine perhaps, might have stopped to notice a small boy, whom the proprietor called Edward Loomis Davenport, and who was scarce able to walk, it being not many months since his birth on November 15, 1815.

The fact that at an early age young Davenport was apprenticed to one George Vinton, a confectioner, and thereafter was placed in a drygoods store, does not lead us to believe the inn a very prosperous venture, and the only advantage resulting from Asher Davenport's financial connection with a certain playhouse in town was the indirect influence it might have had in moulding the taste of his son. When the family removed for a while to New Haven, Davenport went to school, where he easily won recognition as a declaimer and a reader. In Boston, Davenport went to the Mayhew school, where he was the chief figure in an amateur company, playing in a rigged-up theatre.

But it was several years before the drama laid a defining finger upon him. As drygoods clerk, Davenport sought seclusion under the counter to read the latest printed play. To him the chief event during the time he worked with his father at the Exchange Coffee House was his meeting with Forrest. Previously he had spent a short while at Lynn as hotel clerk for his elder brother. But in spare moments, now over a baker shop, again over a stable, the boy moved along with the Junius Booth Dramatic Association, where he learned rudimentary principles and where he was weaned into the dramatic profession. There was another organization possessed of a high-sounding name, and no more popular member of the Siddonian Dramatic Club could be found than young E. L. Davenport. So strong had the taste become in him that no matter how much the father opposed when the time arrived for a stand—the son, aided by one of his brothers, met G. H. Barrett, a member of the Boston Tremont Theatre Company, and through him was able to secure a position at Providence, to support the elder Booth. Thus began the career of the first prominent member of the Davenport family.

The initial rôle assumed with considerable nervousness was Parson Willdo in Massinger's "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," but the young actor's earnestness, together with Booth's assurances, served him well, and during the engagement his Montano ("Othello"), Duke of Albany ("Lear") and Marcellus ("Hamlet") drew some small attention, not to Mr. Davenport, but to a Mr. Dey or Dee, under which name he was billed. In after years Davenport was to win renown in Booth's part of Sir Giles Overreach.

Collection T. Allston Brown
Fanny Davenport before she joined Mr. Daly

While playing at Newport, Davenport's success was further increased by his appearance in Douglas Jerrold's "Black-Eyed Susan," and this led to his transfer to the Boston Tremont Theatre (*circa* 1837). The rôle of William was destined to become one of his most popular impersonations. It is recorded how a sailor, having witnessed the performance in later years, wrote that Davenport quite knocked the salt water out of his top lights. Fanny Davenport's earliest recollection of the play was weeping inconsolably over William, when her father played the part at Burton's. "I recall this first theatrical experience," she wrote, "the anticipation, preparation and almost hysterical feeling with which I took my seat in the private box, with my favorite full dress and a cherry bow at my throat, and on my head—bits of finery indispensable whenever I 'went out.'"

The utility experience gained at the Tremont, together with several seasons at the Philadelphia Walnut Street Theatre, proved of inestimable value to Davenport; he studied parts in plays that have become classic, and in dramas long since forgotten, names that sound strange to the modern ear. Not ashamed was he either of his tenor voice; many a time he would sing "between" pieces such as "Sally in Our Alley," and so, too, was he favorably regarded when he appeared as Thaddeus in "The Bohemian Girl."

At the Bowery Theatre on April 19, 1845, Davenport made his first New York appearance in Payne's "Brutus," in which Hamblin took the lead. But though after that he was to be starred at the Boston Museum, it was not until he met Mrs. Mowatt at Niblo's Garden on July 14, 1845, both cast in "The Lady of Lyons," that his signal advance occurred. In 1846 he became her leading man.

Together the two appeared at the Park Theatre on September 26, 1846, in "Romeo and Juliet." Later Davenport decided to go abroad with Mrs. Mowatt. So, on November 1,

ASHER DAVENPORT

Edward Loomis* *m.* (1849) Fanny Vining* (Mrs. Gill)
(1815-1877) (1829-1891)

Fanny* (1850-1898) | Edward L. (d. infancy) | Blanche M.* (b. 1851) | May* (b. 1856) | Florence C.* (b. 1858) | Harry G.* (b. 1866)

Adele (d. infancy) | Lily Vining* (1853-1878) | Edgar L.* (b. 1862)

*m.* 1 (1879) E. H. Price* | *m.* William Seymour*
*m.* 2 (1889) M. MacDowell* *m.* F. Thorne

* Members of the family who became actors.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

1847, they sailed, and opened at the Royal Theatre, Manchester, in "The Lady of Lyons," reaching London on Jan. 5, 1848, when they presented "The Hunchback" and "Much Ado About Nothing."

When Sheridan Knowles' drama, "Love," was given, in the cast was a Miss Fanny Vining, related through her mother to the Wallack family. Her personality pleased both Mrs. Mowatt and Davenport, the latter seeming to look beyond the mere artistic ability, for on January 8, 1849, the two were married, Mrs. Davenport still continuing to play under her maiden name. She it was who gave a fervid impersonation of Romeo that season to the Juliet of Mrs. Mowatt, and to Davenport's Mercutio. And in all the casts she filled rôles of considerable scope. Davenport's association with Mrs. Mowatt was an agreeable one; in 1850 it was severed, and Davenport went over to Macready, to assist him in his series of farewell performances.

White

CLARA PALMER
Seen last season in "The Girl from Kays"

In Macready he found a nature totally different from his own. The English tragedian watched his laurels in bulldog fashion; whatever part he played, whether Hamlet, Othello, Shylock, Richelieu, or any of the other rôles he appeared in during that long farewell at the Haymarket, which lasted from October 28, 1850, to February 3, 1851, Davenport, who had succeeded J. W. Wallack, had to dim himself. "I wish you would not act quite so much," roared Macready one night; "your extreme earnestness detracts from the legitimate effect." So Davenport remained listless, and by obeying orders, was rewarded with Macready's counter-criticism that there was not sufficient animation in his work. A number of other English engagements followed before the Davenports returned to America, one with J. H. Hackett. But in August, 1854, they set sail, opening September 11 at the New York Broadway Theatre in "Othello." Everywhere the actor was cordially received, and in Boston, when he appeared on January 1, 1855, as Hamlet, across the street was flung a banner with "Welcome home, E. L. Davenport," blazoned upon it.

As a manager, Davenport's regime influenced the American (formerly Burton's), the Howard Atheneum (Boston), the old Washington Theatre, and the Chestnut Street Theatre. He was energetic, sympathetic, and not overserious in his discipline at the theatre. Here is an example of the stage notes that by their very jocularity gained their effects. "Boys," read one, "don't smoke, and if you love your manager, turn down the gas."

When, on August 29, 1859, Davenport became manager of the Howard Atheneum, he assembled together a company of rare ability, including Mrs. Farren, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, Matilda Heron, Julia Dean Hayne, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wallack, Jr., John Brougham, and Edwin Booth. As regards the latter, Davenport held an opinion that time itself refuted. "If James E. Murdoch had never lived, 'Ned' Booth would be the finest *reader* of Shakespeare the world has ever seen. There it ends. He is not a great actor, but his reading of the text is divine." This estimate was recorded toward the close of Davenport's life.

The management held together for three seasons; during the first, Davenport alternated with Booth in "Othello" and with Chanfrau between Dundreary and Asa Trenchard. During the second season (beginning August 13, 1861), and the third season (beginning September 12, 1862), despite financial ruin, John McCulloch, Lawrence Barrett, and W. J. LeMoyne added to the strength of the company.

But the venture came to an end, to be immediately followed by an extraordinary co-operation of the Davenport forces with those of J. W. Wallack, Jr. On January 7, 1862, a rare cast of "The School for Scandal" was given at the New York Winter Garden, and while on the road, besides a Shakespearian repertoire, plays of a more popular nature were presented, such as "The Iron Mask," "Still Waters Run Deep," and "The Rivals."

Davenport managed the Philadelphia Chestnut Street Theatre, beginning December 12, 1870, when Mrs. Scott-Siddons and Fanny Davenport figured prominently during the year. Here two other daughters passed under the management of their father, Lily Vining, who retired from the stage after her marriage with Mr. Frost Thorne, and May Davenport, who afterwards played with her sister Fanny in the "Danicheffs" (1881), and who married in 1882 William Seymour, the well-known stage manager, who had in previous years been a member of Edwin Booth's company.

Hall

CATHERINE COUNTISS
Well-known as leading woman in stock. Played a prominent role in "The Christian"

Nearly as important as his association with Mrs. Mowatt was Davenport's appearance with Charlotte Cushman, with whom he played during May, 1858, appearing as Cardinal Woolsey to her Queen Catherine; Mary Devlin and John Gilbert were in the cast. "Macbeth," "Guy Mannering," "The Stranger," and "She Stoops to Conquer" formed only part of the extensive repertoire.

Regarding Davenport's association with Augustin Daly, two assertions may be made: he seems to have been, in the words of E. A. Dithmar, "too large a figure for Mr. Daly's pretty little stage," and further, his power and prestige were now gradually slipping from him. He joined the stock company at the Twenty-fourth Street Theatre on August 16, 1869, but he now as-

Sarony

JACK BARRYMORE LIONEL BARRYMORE

The two sons of Maurice Barrymore, who will appear this coming season with their sister, Ethel, in James M. Barrie's new satirical comedy "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire"

sumed such rôles as Sir Harcourt Courtly. On June 5, 1871, he returned to Daly to be with his daughter in "London Assurance." In December, 1874, he gave with the Daly company a series of old plays, and on May 24, 1876, he played Jacques to Fanny's Rosalind, and the year following he took part in "The Hunchback" as support for Fanny Davenport and Adelaide Neilson.

There comes a period in every actor's life when he feels himself weakening with the public; Davenport had reached the point where his past versatility, he realized, had not built for the future. His last years were spent in small engagements. It is true he attained distinction as Brutus in "Julius Cæsar" toward the end of his life, beginning at Booth's Theatre with Lawrence Barrett on December 25, 1875, and playing the rôle for two hundred and twenty-two evenings in New York and on tour. Though he had flouted the idea more than once—in the spirit of pain rather than of bravado—of ever *supporting* Barrett, this he was forced to do on December 4, 1876, in a production of "King Lear." Then Davenport, broken in health, gouty, and sadly conscious of approaching dissolution, summoned his strength for the last effort, and on January 8, 1877, he played at the Walnut Street Theatre in Gilbert's "Dan'l Druce," a story based upon "Silas Marner." Many a time he was forced to give up, so imminent had grown the state of his health. He died on September 1, 1877, at his home in Canton, Pennsylvania.

Of nine Davenport children, seven of them went on the stage; Edward Loomis and Adele died in infancy; Blanche Maria, born in London on July 11, 1851, studied for grand opera; Lily Vining, born in Glasgow November 2, 1853, has already been mentioned, as well as May, who was born in Boston, July 21, 1856; a daughter, Florence Cecilia (born June 16, 1858), had but a brief stage career. Of the sons, Edgar Longfellow (born Roxbury, Mass., February 1, 1862) did not become a professional actor till after the death of his father, and has not gone beyond the scope of minor support, while Harry George Bryant (born New York, January 19, 1866) is known to present playgoers only through musical comedy.

Of them all, only one stands pre-eminent as an artist, and that is Fanny Lily Gypsey Davenport. Born on April 10, 1850, opposite the British Museum in London, she received somewhat of an education at the Boston public schools, but more real to her and more important, too, than books, were the child plays that fired her imagination and quickened her desire. So, too, from early days, she saw around her her father's friends—and these were nearly all of the theatrical profession. As a little girl she played in "Metamora," and she was a target-bearer in a burlesque, "Pocahontas." Earlier than this, standing, a tiny figure between her mother and father, on the stage of Burton's Chambers Street Theatre, she had, on February 23, 1857, sung the "Star-Spangled Banner." She advanced rapidly, encouraged by Davenport, who recognized his daughter's genius. It was while under the direction of Mrs. John Drew at the Philadelphia Arch Street Theatre that Augustin Daly's attention was drawn to her.

From that time her advance was rapid. We may almost divide the artistic life of Fanny Davenport into two parts: a repertoire period and the Sardou reign. And what a repertoire she carried—an enviable list of old comedies, a large range of Shakespeare; from Colley Cibber, through Robertson and Bulwer, to Bronson Howard's "Saratoga" and Daly's "Pique." It was one nervous overflow of temperament and energy—a training more marvellous than wise. Were one alone to read the plays given by Miss Davenport, it would be a dramatic education in itself. Her acting was filled with vitality—emotion of the kind that could grasp the zest of a Lady Teazle, the strain of a Camille, and the force of a Nancy Sikes. Though she went abroad several times, she only went once to act in 1882; then in 1883 she secured the rights to "Fedora," "Tosca" (1887), "Cleopatra" (1890), and "Gismonda" (1894). Finally Miss Davenport's spirit grew weary of

Sardou. A spiritual calm must be the dominant note in her next piece which proved to be her last. Frances Aymer Mathews put Joan of Arc into a drama for her. But already her health was breaking, and at South Duxbury, Mass., where she had a summer home, she died on September 26, 1898. Miss Davenport was married twice. She was a great emotional artist, with a restiveness that was undaunted by obstacles, but blind to the reserve which should balance genius. But as the actor-daughter of an actor-father, no better representative—in a way equally as lasting—could be found. MONTROSE J. MOSES.

# The Adventures of an Advance Agent

*By ONE OF THEM*

IT was in the early nineties that, standing out for salary in proportion to my ability as an advance agent, I discovered that October was fleeting and I should soon be compelled to do something in order to obtain the necessary three meals a day and a place in which to sleep at night. After a series of disappointments, I became desperate. The question of salary was soon lost in the worry of securing any sort of a position. With this idea in view, I ran into a theatrical buccaneer, so styled because he had a reputation for taking out the most impossible shows on the least possible money.

Our interview was short and laconic. He said: "I'm taking out this 'trick' with just enough money to land in the first town. You claim you're a good agent. It will be up to you to get the show on from there. Your salary will be fifty dollars a week and twenty per cent. of the profits. This latter inducement should stimulate you to put in your best efforts.'

He advanced me my first week's salary, with the parting admonition: "If you go broke or get in a hole, don't wire me your troubles; get out of it yourself. If there's going to be any telegraphing for money I will do that and shall expect you to raise it somehow from the managers. They are as much interested in getting the show to their town as we are to get there. Good-bye, and good luck to you."

I accepted the engagement. What else could I do? Anyway, I had enough money to live a week or two on whatever happened. Two days were spent in fixing up press matter and attending to other details, and I took my departure.

En route to our first town, I held a confidential conversation with myself. I went over many years of a misspent life, and as a result mental resolutions were made by the score and which I firmly resolved to keep. My soliloquy was disturbed by the announcement that Pleasantville was the next stop. This was the town selected for our opening. I was the only passenger that dropped off. Evidently the "burg" was of small importance, judging from the fact that there were no express packages either put on or put off, and the mail sack was rather a light affair. Inquiring for the Opera House from the station agent, I was informed that it was just a few blocks distant, and promptly asked for two seats for my show. It was marvelous how these railroad men know an advance agent on sight. I side-stepped this request, however, by saying that we were playing the town on a "sell out," but I was coming back a few weeks later with another show, and I wouldn't stop short of four passes for him.

AILLEEN MAY
Leading woman with the "White Slave"

The Opera House was found on a side street, doors locked, windows barred, the picture of desolation. Now began the search for the local manager. After making a dozen inquiries I located him in a livery stable playing "seven-up" with a couple of hostlers. Introducing myself as the business manager of the "Path of Thorns" company, he immediately withdrew from the game and invited me over to his office. It seems that he owned the bill-posting plant, had an interest in the restaurant, was the local authority on sporting matters, and when business was brisk at the local blacksmith shop, he helped out.

My first question, of course, was the inevitable one among advance agents, "What are our chances for business?"

Settling himself back in his chair, and with a look on his face as if he were about to decide some grave and serious question, he said:

"Well, I dunno. If you had a band there would be nothin' to it, but we will hustle and do all we can against that handicap. You ought to play as much as fifty dollars, anyway."

"Great Scott, man!" I replied; "why my show has none but swell New York actors in it, and you can't get top liners for ten dollars a week and cakes. I've got a great big show that is filled with sensations and will make the biggest hit that was ever made in this town."

This bunch of air did not disturb the local Frohman in the least.

"I don't doubt you for a minute," he replied, "but a whole lot depends on what sort of opposition you're going to have. If we can keep them from havin' a dance that night, your prospects will be better." He chuckled loudly to himself.

"How can we do that?" I said.

"Well, I'll tell you what you'd better do before anythin' else," he replied. "You go up and see 'Hennie,' the Dutch barber around the corner, and give him a couple of seats for your show, and it'll be a cinch there won't be any dance that night, 'cause he plays the

(*Continued page vi.*)

Sarony FRANKLIN RITCHIE
Was leading support with Rose Coghlan and Kathryn Kidder, and last season played Sheldon Corthell in "The Pit"

JOHN H. BOOTH
Young Western actor who may be seen on the boards next season

Large hall of the Council in the Doges' Palace, Venice, where the Moor spoke in his own defense

# Where the Lovely Desdemona Lived and Died

WHEN one calls to mind the tragedy of "Othello," and endeavors to fix with reasonable probability the localities where its different personages lived and moved, one's thoughts instantly turn to Venice, as the scene of the courtship and brief wedded life of the fiery Moor and his lovely Desdemona. Yet, as a matter of fact, but one act of the five is laid in the island city. The action of the remaining four takes place on the island of Cyprus, sufficiently away from the beaten track of travel to remain vague and unreal in the minds of most people.

It is in Venice alone that we can find data upon which those not too sceptical may base their belief in the actual existence of the principal characters of this drama. The Palace of the Doges lends its dignified presence as a background, with the very room in which Brabantio and his fellow senators assembled, and the Venetians themselves will show you to-day the house in which Desdemona lived on the Grand Canal. Alas, that in the face of such proof of the existence of "the gentle Desdemona, so tender, fair and happy," "a maid that paragons description," any attempt to find equal reasons for believing in the reality of her jealous spouse should be doomed to failure.

It is unusual for Shakespeare so to describe his characters, so to fix the actual date of his dramas—save in those historical in theme—that the very circumstantiality of description belies their reality, yet this is the case with "Othello." The island of Cyprus came into the possession of Venice in 1473, and remained under Venetian rule until 1571, when it was captured by the Turks under Selymus the Second, the only attempt ever made against the fair island by the Turks. Therefore the date of the play's action is established as lying between 1569, when Selymus first formed his design, and the actual date of his capture by the words of the Messenger in Scene III, Act I: "The Ottomites . . . do . . . re-stem their backward course, bearing with frank appearance their purposes towards Cyprus," and again by Iago, when he says: "I do know the state . . . cannot with safety cast him (Othello), for he's embarked with such loud reason to the Cyprus wars, which even now stand in act."

In 1570 a fleet of 192 galleys collected by Spain, Venice and other countries for the defense of Cyprus, lay off Crete, when news of the fall of Nicosia reached them, whereupon the Spanish and Venetian admirals insisted upon returning home, abandoning all thought of succor for the island. The only assistance that ever reached Cyprus during the Turkish attack consisted of several shiploads of provisions and 1,700 men under one Captain Quirinus. Therefore we can hardly turn to history for proof of the actual existence of the noble Moor and his victorious fleet. Lacking this, we must allow Othello to speak for himself, since not even in Cyprus can we find any one or anything to proclaim his existence.

The house in which Desdemona lived as it appears to-day

Early in the play he says: "I fetch my life and being from men of royal siege, and my demerits may speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune as this that I have reached." Whatever his birthplace, he was not only very brave, but a true Venetian at heart; his was no mere allegiance of the paid soldier, as may be learned from almost his last words: "In Aleppo once, where a malignant and turban'd Turk beat a Venetian, and traduced the state, I took by the throat the circumsized dog and smote him thus," as he stabs himself, although at that time it was held to be certain death in Aleppo for a Christian to strike a Turk.

The first scene of "Othello" takes place in a street in Venice, upon which the windows of Brabantio's palace look down, evidently one of those narrow back streets so confusing to the stranger in Venice, since the front

walls of the palace always pointed out as the home of Senator Brabantio and his lovely daughter, like so many Venetian palaces, are washed by the waters of the Grand Canal. Nor was it a lonely, unfrequented street, for when Iago, that "supersubtle Venetian," in this first scene, warns the father that he has been robbed, the latter cries: "What tellst thou me of robbing? This is Venice, my house is not a grange!" From this palace the lovers made their escape, "transported with a knave of common hire, a gondolier."

The third scene of this same act we may place in the large hall of the Council in the Doges' palace, as it was here that the assemblies of nobles, including all those over twenty years of age, were held. At this time many of the wonderful frescoes which adorn walls and ceiling had already been executed. Here Othello made his defense, after the irate Brabantio had accused him of administering a love potion to his daughter, something held highly criminal in the Venetian laws of that time. Here, too, the Duke gave his orders to the Moor to proceed at once to the assistance of threatened Cyprus, and here Desdemona, summoned in haste to give testimony of her love, pleaded to be allowed to follow after her husband, and received permission so to do. The remaining four acts take place in "a seaport town at Cyprus," and to establish just what town was intended has given much food for discussion.

Many writers, among them Rowe, have assumed that Nicosia, the capital city of Cyprus, is the town indicated, but this is highly improbable, as Nicosia is in the centre of the island, and thirty miles from the sea. The principal seaport of Cyprus is Famagusta, which has a large harbor, and "neare which standeth an old castle with four towers, after the ancient manner of building." After Guy de Lusignan took possession of Cyprus in 1192, he and his successors built three strong castles, which served as refuges for them, and also for prisons. One of these was nine miles from Famagusta, was often occupied by the Lusignans, and after them by the Genoese and Venetians, and is still standing, although the interior is in ruins. Another was north of and near Nicosia. Other important seaports of the island are Larnaca, Pendaia, and Limassol, near which latter town is also to be found a colossal tower, but as Famagusta was admirably situated for defense, lying at the back of a gulf encircled with rocks whose interstices were filled in with masonry, now almost destroyed by the action of the water, and as when, several years earlier, Venice, apprehensive of this attack by the Turks, dispatched Savornani to investigate the condition of the defenses of Cyprus, at which time those forts considered beyond repair were dismantled, others repaired and strengthened, Famagusta was among the latter—it seems reasonable to choose it for the scene of the drama, although it is true that the Turkish army landed at the east of Larnaca, now wholly modern in appearance, took Nicosia, and then marched upon Famagusta, whose commanding general, Bragadino, surrendering after a gallant defense, was brutally tortured and put to death by the Turks.

The inhabitants of Famagusta were noted for their wealth. They lived in opulence, which amazed a German priest who visited the island in 1341, although he had seen both Venice and Constantinople. There were then as many churches as there are days in the year, and a 14th century church, now converted into a mosque, still stands, while near the palace is another ancient church in which are buried many of the early rulers and their wives. Those who choose may fancy that here were laid to rest sweet Desdemona and the fiery Othello, after he killed her and then stabbed himself with his "sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper." For those who prefer to believe that the old capital city of Nicosia is the most probable site for the concluding scenes of the tragedy, there is the other royal palace of the Lusignan times, in the courtyard of which may still be seen a tall pillar, near which were found the shattered remains of what appeared to have been a Venetian lion, and which probably once surmounted the column, as does its prototype today in the Piazzetta San Marco, Venice.

A castle is an essential feature of the locality selected for the play, since all the scenes of the last four acts are laid in or in front of a castle, or in one case in a street nearby, and whether Limassol, Famagusta or Nicosia be chosen as having the greater claims to furnish the background and setting of what Schlegel calls "a strongly shaded picture, we might call it a tragical Rembrandt," and which has always been a favorite with the world's greatest tragedians, as affording them wonderful opportunity for depicting the greatest human passions, there is the castle in which to believe one who has ever since been regarded as the personification of jealousy, together with his unfortunate bride, lived their last moments, and around the ruins of any one of the three castles the romantic may wander, fancying themselves walking in the footsteps of the hapless couple, who at least vanished from fair, sunny Cyprus before the devastation and ruin, the outrageous cruelties inflicted so soon after by the victorious Turkish army.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

Sarony

MISS ELISE SCOTT

Engaged to support Wilton Lackaye during the coming season

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Olga Nethersole will produce W. L. Courtney's version of Paul Hervieu's play, "Le Dédale," at Washington on October 23. The English title chosen for the play is the literal translation—The Labyrinth. The piece will be in four acts instead of five, and Miss Nethersole will be supported by Cicely Richards, Louise Moodie, and Dorothy Grimston.

---

Mr. Proctor promises interesting and busy seasons at his many houses in this city and elsewhere. The Fifth Avenue recently gave a revival of William Collier's farce "The Diplomat," which piece is full of the most amusing sort of complications. At the hands of the Proctor stock it received a capital production. The part of the unruffled diplomat was assumed by Charles Abbe. The other characters fell to the hands of actors so skillful as Mr. Gilmour, Mr. Stein, Mr. Griffin, Miss Lovering, Miss Scott, Mr. Wesley, Miss Conroy and others. At the Fifty-eighth Street house, week of August 21st, was presented Edwin Arden's drama, "Zorah." Mr. Arden himself appeared in the leading rôle. Elaborate scenery had been prepared for this production. Mr. Arden was supported by Adele Bloch, Agnes Scott, Charles Arthur, William Norton, Robert Rogers, Louise Mackintosh, George Howell, and the full strength of the Fifty-eighth Street Proctor company.

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# Letters to the Editor

*Our readers are invited to send in, for publication in this department, letters on any theatrical topic likely to be of general interest. Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and not exceed 500 words. Letters published must be regarded as expressing the personal opinion of each correspondent. The Editor does not necessarily endorse the statements made and disclaims all responsibility.*

### The Daly Family

*To the Editor of* THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

I would like to correct a statement made in your "Queries Answered" of the June issue. In answer to W. C. J., Gonzales, Texas, you say: "Lucy Daly is a sister of Peter Dailey." This is wrong. Lucy Daly (the wife of Ward, of Ward and Vokes), and her sister, Margaret Daly Vokes, are the sisters of the late Dan Daly, and no relation to Peter F. Dailey. Vinie Daly is a cousin of the Daly sisters.

I think you are also wrong as to Ethel Barrymore being a Catholic. I do not think she is. If I am wrong, I should like to know.

In answer to D. C. E., Brookline, Mass., I would be glad to give this information about Miss May Buckley: She went on the stage when very young and her first hit was as a Chinese girl in "The First Born." She also made a hit as the American girl in "The Price of Peace" a few years ago. Later she appeared with a stock company at St. Paul all one summer (in 1901) and next was with Daniel Frawley before he went to the Orient. Miss Buckley next appeared as the Japanese maid to Margaret Illington in "A Japanese Nightingale." "CROWQUILL."

You are right as far as Lucy Daly is concerned. We obtained our information from a printed biography which we find was inaccurate. She is a sister of Dan Daly. We believe that we were correct regarding Miss Barrymore's religious belief, but all such questions are out of place and in future will be ignored in our query column. We try to please our correspondents by answering all their queries, but some take advantage and ask all kinds of trivial personal questions. We thank you for putting us right.

### Mr. Mansfield's Rank as an Actor

LEIPZIG, Germany, July 9, 1905.

*To the Editor of* THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

A letter appeared lately in THE THEATRE MAGAZINE regarding the position of Richard Mansfield as an artist which gave me great satisfaction. Because Mr. Mansfield is a great man he has many determined enemies, principally composed of persons incapable of comprehending the breadth or subtlety of his art. I have seen all our prominent American actors, also Irving, Coquelin, Von Possart and Wüllner, but Mr. Mansfield impressed me far, far more deeply. Especially noteworthy is his wonderful voice, the tones of which are music. Whoever could have heard his Brutus and not remember those rich intonations? So it was with the greatest pleasure that I found such hearty appreciation expressed by one of your readers, and beg, as a true admirer of art, to join in saying—Mr. Mansfield is the world's greatest actor. M. A. M.

### Dramatic Criticism

"Under the head of dramatic criticisms I ran across a good one on our last trip to Texas," said Jess Dandy, of "The Prince of Pilsen" Company. "'Walker Barnes, the alleged tragedian, played Hamlet at the Opera House last night. He played it until nearly eleven o'clock.'"

### Praise from a Veteran Journalist

[*Stephen Fiske in "Sports of the Times."*]

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE for August is, as usual, a beautifully artistic number. The portrait in colors of Marie Doro, Gillette's leading lady, is alone worth a year's subscription. There are pictures of plays to come—the most effective kind of news—and of the stars of the opening season. Some things in THE THEATRE MAGAZINE you cannot get anywhere else, as, for instance, the Personal Recollections of Augustin Daly. The energetic proprietors are pushing plans to develop artistic advertising and they deserve every encouragement from the profession. No other country has such a theatrical monthly. The duty of every professional is to support it, and the best practical way to support it is to crowd it with artistic advertisements.

## New Dramatic Books

THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET. By Marshall P. Wilder. Illustrations by Bart Haley. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

This is a book of stories and anecdotes of interesting people told by a man who has made a reputation as one of the best story tellers in the world. As its title implies, the volume is primarily intended as a cure for the blues. There is nothing doleful throughout its 400 pages, but everything that contributes to the sunshine of life is here chronicled. As the popular author writes in his brief preface:

"In this little volume are offered recollections of the sunny side of many people. I have plucked blossoms from the gardens of humor and pathos, which lie side by side, and in weaving them into a garland, claim only as my own the string that binds them together."

Here are some of the good actor-stories he tells:

Joseph Jefferson one day called on President Cleveland with General Sherman, and carried a small package with him. All his friends know that dear old "Joe" was forgetful, so when the visitors were going the General called attention to the package and asked: "Jefferson, isn't this yours?"

"Great Cæsar, Sherman," Jefferson replied, "you have saved my life!" The "Life" referred to was manuscript of his then uncompleted biography. Jefferson delighted in telling of a new playmate of one of his sons, who asked another boy who young Jefferson was, and was told:

"Oh, his father works in a theatre, somewhere."

"Pete" Dailey, while enjoying a short vacation, visited a New York theatre when business was dull. Being asked afterward how large the audience was, he replied: "I could lick all three of them."

On meeting a friend who was "fleshing up," he exclaimed: "You are getting so stout that I thought someone was with you."

J. K. Emmett tells of a heathenish old farmer and his wife who strayed into a church and heard the minister say: "Jesus died for sinners." The old man nudged his wife and whispered:

"Serves us right for not knowin' it, Marthey. We hain't took a newspaper in thirty years."

Fay Templeton tells of a colored girl, whose mother shouted: "Mandy, your heel's on fire!" The girl was so untruthful that her discouraged mother said: "When you die dey's going to say: "Here lied Mandy Hopkins, and de trufe never came out of her when she was alive."

I have been the subject of some actors' jokes and enjoyed the fun as much as anyone. May Irwin had two sons, who, early in life were susceptible to the seductive cigarette, against which she cautioned them earnestly. I entered a restaurant one day where she and her sons were dining, and she called me over and gave me an opportunity to become acquainted with the little fellows. After I left them, one turned to his mother and asked:

"What makes that little man so short?"

"Smoking cigarettes," she replied. And they never smoked again.

Willie Collier invited me one summer to his beautiful home at St. James, Long Island. He was out when I arrived, and when he returned Mrs. Collier said to him:

"You're going to have Marshall P. Wilder for dinner." And Willie replied: "I'd rather have lamb."

A glance over the other chapter headings gives a few hints of the variety of the book. In his inimitable way Mr. Wilder tells about: Sunshine and Fun; Sunny Men of Serious Presence; At the White House and Near It; Story-Telling as an Art; A Sunny Old City; My First Trip to London; Experiences in London; "Luck" in Story-Telling; Journalists and Authors; The Unexpected; Sunshine in Shady Places; "Buffalo Bill"; The Art of Entertaining; In the Sunshine with Great Preachers; The Prince of Wales, now King Edward; Sir Henry Irving; London Theatres and Theatre-Goers; Tact; Adelina Patti; Some Notable People; Human Nature; Sunny Stage People; Sunshine is in Demand; "Bill" Nye; Some Sunny Soldiers; Some First Experiences. Mr. Wilder covers a wide field and there is something in his book to interest everybody.

### At the West End Theatre

The West End Theatre, appropriately titled "The House Popular," opened its season Saturday night, August 19, with one of last season's biggest hits, "Texas." During the theatre's summer idleness the playhouse has been thoroughly overhauled.


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## Adventures of an Advance Agent

*Continued from Page 234*

fiddle, and they can't get another nigher than twenty miles, and that'll steer a lot of 'em to the 'Opry.'"

Taking his advice, I called on the barber and arranged the deal, which was an easy matter after I gave him an order for two best seats.

Thanking "Hennie" for his kind sentiments, I went back to arrange business matters with the manager. In order to make a bluff as to the strength of the attraction I was representing, I asked a hundred unnecessary questions as to the stage equipment, how much scenery could be taken care of, how many lines they had, etc. We then began to discuss prices.

"Wal," he replied, "Ye see it's like this. It's early in the season, and they ain't got in the habit of comin' to shows, and we'd better tease them along. We'll make three rows thirty cents, and the rest downstairs twenty. The balcony and gallery we'll advertise as 'scramble' seats."

I enquired what he meant by "scramble" seats.

"Gosh! every agent that hits this town knows what they are. Where have you been all the time? Them's 'take your choice.' First one in gets the best seats, and they are only ten cents."

"Oh, I can't stand for that," I rejoined. "My show is too good a one to play at 'rep' prices."

"Well, we'll compromise," he said. "To give the thing a tone, we'll put the box seats in at fifty cents. It'll make it look all right, though I'll tell you right now nobody ever sits in 'em, 'cause they're afraid if they do, people'll think they're stuck-up." Meanwhile he was busy with a pencil and paper, and the moment I asked him in a jocular way what we could play to at those prices, he replied, "$59.80, but you've got to take off seventy-two of those twenty-cent seats for the free list, and anybody'll tell you that's been here with a troupe that those figures is as much as you can get here. But we used to play to more money before the wagon-works shut down."

I wanted to see my paper posted, so I remarked that it would be well for both parties that the bill poster get out that day and begin "blowing up" the town.

"Can't do it to-day, friend. He's got to fix up the b'iler that we heat the water with to make the paste," he answered.

The town supported one newspaper which had a desperate struggle to come out once a week. I called on the editor, who was likewise dramatic editor, compositor, pressman, "devil," and, when he found time, officiated as town clerk. I had no sooner mentioned the purpose of my call than he began to talk extra-advertising, and asked if I wouldn't fix him for a couple of seats for his wife and daughter.

"The cuss that runs the Opry," he said, "wouldn't give me but one pass—me, editor of the paper, mind you. Every bum around town gets in to see the show for nothing, not saying anything about the grocer and the baker, and the rest of the fellers that kept the manager in eatings and things, for which they got seats for every show."

I carried him along with a lot of "con," and filled him full of stories of this all-star cast which was surely coming with the big show. While he was busy trying to light a three-for-ten pure Havana that had something the matter with its flue, I did a hot-foot to the station, thinking my troubles were over.

The train which was to carry me to the next town was just rounding the curve when suddenly a man, breathless and perspiring from a hard run, rushed on the platform, and in broken sentences asked me if I was going to give him a pass for his bill-board on which we had already posted a three-sheet on. I informed him that was a matter to be settled by the manager of the theatre; I had nothing to do with such minor details. He insisted that I should give him a pass for two, failing which I must instantly return and scrape that three-sheet off his wall.

I had no time to lose, as my train was now at the station and ready to pull out. At the first move on my part towards entering the car it was met with resistance by the irate "rube." Necessity knows no law. I had to catch that train, and it was dollars to doughnuts I couldn't do it with a hundred and seventy-five pounds hanging on to my coat tails. So I gave forthwith a demonstration of the efficacy of jiu jitsu. I went to the car and my adversary took the count. As the train began moving away, a local minion of the law, the bane of all theatrical managers, the village constable, made a hundred-yard-dash at a ten-second clip to catch the train, and if my number nine calf-skin interfered with his progress in his endeavor to apprehend me, whose fault was it?

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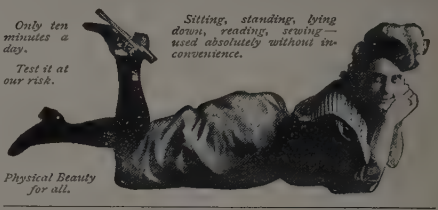

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## Queries Answered

*The Editor will answer all reasonable questions in this column, but irrelevant queries, such as the color of this or that player's hair or eyes, or matters connected with their purely personal affairs will be ignored. No replies by mail. Write questions on one side of the paper only.*

Theatregoer, N. Y.—Q.—Have you published a picture of William J. Kelley? A.—Not yet. Q.—Did you interview him? A.—No.

An Admirer.—Q.—What are the addresses of the following: James O'Neill? (A.—New London, Ct.) Sarah Truax? (A.—Care Guy Bates Post, Hudson Theatre, City.) Elita Proctor Otis? (A.—Bayport, L. I.).

J. H., Kansas City, Mo.—Q.—Is August 17 the anniversary of Julia Marlowe's birth? A.—Yes.

A Subscriber.—Q.—Will you publish a sketch of the life of Wright Kramer? A.—We may.

Lillian C. B.—Q.—Will you publish a short sketch of the careers of Mrs. Pat Campbell and Mrs. James Brown-Potter? A.—Mrs. Pat Campbell was born in Kensington, London, Eng. Her father was an Englishman, while her mother came from Italy. She made her début in the leading part in "Bachelors," by Vezinann Robert Buchanan, in the English provinces. Then a tour with Mrs. Daniel Bandmann and Ben Greet's Company, and made her London début at a matinee at the Vaudeville Theatre as Stella Maris in "A Buried Talent." In 1891 she played Lady Teazle, also Rosalind in "As You Like It," both at morning performances, London. She made her American début two years ago last January at the Republic Theatre (now Belasco's). This coming season she and H. B. Irving join forces and tour England as co-stars. She will not come to America until the season of 1906-7. Mrs. James Brown-Potter was Cora Urquhart. Made her first appearance on the professional stage October 31, 1887, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, this city. She acted Faustine de Bressier in the play of that name. Kyrle Bellew was in the cast. She afterwards went on tour with the Bellew-Potter combination. She acted Lady Elizabeth in "Twixt Axe and Crown," December 24, 1888, at Palmer's (Wallack's) Theatre, this city. Also Jan. 7, 1889, Cleopatra in "Antony and Cleopatra;" also week May 20, 1895, in "Charlotte Corday" at the Herald Square Theatre, this city.

I. W.—Q.—Will you include E. H. Sothern in your "Chats with Players?" A.—See our issue for March, 1903.

Victor R., Fort Smith, Ark.—Q.—Where can I secure scenes from the "Virginian," such as were used in front of the Manhattan Theatre, and photo of the three male leads in their make-up, and at what price? A.—At this office for $1.00 each for the scenes and 50 cents for the photos. Q.—Where is Mr. E. C. Gallagher, who starred in "The Power Behind the Throne"? A.—A letter to the New York *Clipper* or *Mirror*, this city, will reach him. Q.—What is his full name? A.—Edwin C. Gallagher. Q.—Who was the author of "The Ruling Power"? A.—Elwyn A. Barron was the author.

L. F., Charleston, W. Va.—Q.—What are the addresses of the managers of "Sergeant Brue" and "The Rollicking Girl"? A.—C. B. Dillingham, Knickerbocker Theatre, and Charles Frohman, Empire Theatre, this city.

Subscriber, N. Y.—Q.—How do you pronounce Mabel Taliaferro's name? A.—Tal-i-ferro. Q.—Where was she born? A.—In New York City. Q.—Does she come of theatrical people? A.—Her mother has an agency in this city for children of the stage. Q.—Will Ethel Barrymore appear in London before she returns? A.—No. Q.—Are any of her plays published? A.—No. Q.—What is her full name? A.—See our July issue for history of the Barrymore family. Q.—Will you give scenes from "A Doll's House"? A.—Perhaps.

V. R. V., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Q.—What actor took the part of Lancer in the production of "Brother Officers"? A.—There is no such character in that play. If you mean Launcelot, Guy Standing. Q.—What are Julia Marlowe's plans for next season? A.—See the leading article of this issue. Q.—When was Maude Adams born? A.—November, 1872, in Salt Lake City. Q.—Was she once voted upon as being the most popular actress in the United States? A.—She was, and received a majority of votes. Q.—Did Harry Woodruff ever play the title role in "Ben Hur"? A.—Yes, at the New York Theatre. Q.—Where can I buy souvenir books of the different actors and actresses? A.—Write to Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 W. 33rd Street, New York. Q.—What are Marie Dressler's plans for next season? A.—At present she is in charge of one of the many features at Manhattan Beach. Q.—When was Edna May born? A.—She is the daughter of a Syracuse letter carrier named E. C. Pettie. Q.—When was Lulu Glaser born? A.—June 2, 1874, in Allegheny City.

B. K., N. Y. City.—Q.—Where can I procure some good sketches to be played on the amateur stage? A.—Write Samuel French, 24 West 22nd St., this city.

Constant Reader.—Q.—Will Richard Mansfield appear in a play called "John Barton"? A.—He will open his season at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, Ill., in October in Frederick Schiller's play, "Don Carlos."

Inquisitive, N. Y.—Q.—In THE THEATRE MAGAZINE Miss Marie Tempest's married name was given as Mrs. Gordon Lennox; in Burr McIntosh's, Mrs. Cosmo Stuart. Which is right? A.—The gentleman's name is Cosmo Stuart (Gordon Lennox), to whom she was married July 27, 1898.

C. A. K., Lancaster, Pa.—Q.—Could I secure a position in a stock company or in the chorus of a musical comedy company by applying for the position when the company is at my city? A.—All first-class organizations have the company complete before going on the road, and we doubt if you could get such a position.

John Q. A., Mt. Vernon.—Q.—Where are Henry Woodruff and Edwin Arden summering? A.—Mr. Woodruff is at present in this city. Mr. Arden was recently playing at Proctor's, this city. Q.—In what will Mr. Arden play next winter? A.—"Home Folks."

D. C.—Q.—Where is Louise Galloway's home? A.—Washington, D. C. Q.—What is her real name? A.—That is the name of her father. Q.—In what will she play the season of 1905-06? A.—She is not yet engaged for next season.

L. T. P.—Q.—Will you publish pictures of Sothern in "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet"? A.—See our issues for Christmas, 1904 and 1905. Q.—Have you for sale these photographs? A.—Yes, at 50 cents a piece. Q.—Is there a Sothern edition of "Romeo and Juliet"? A.—No. Q.—What is Mr. Sothern's real name? A.—That is his correct name.

M. D. C.—Q.—Will Dunstin Farnum, Robt. Edeson, Mrs. Fiske, Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, and Fav Davis come to Milwaukee next season? A.—Farnum and Edeson will visit your city, but we do not think Mrs. Fiske, Maude Adams and Ethel Barrymore will.


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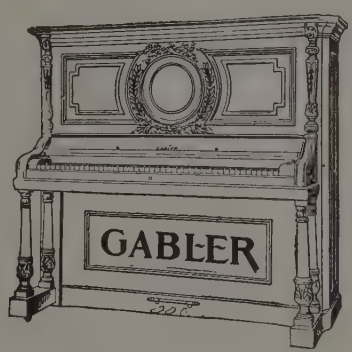


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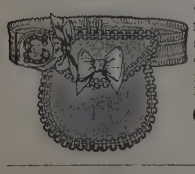

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Constant Reader.—Q.—What will Henry Woodruff play in the next year? A.—He is not yet engaged for next season. Q.—Is he considered a good actor? A.—It is a matter of opinion. Q.—What is his address? A.—The Lamb's Club. Q.—Don't you think Wallace Erksine a very good actor? A.—Same answer applies. Q.—Why did Mr. Woodruff leave Proctor's so soon? A.—Because he found the work twice daily too strenuous.

L. H. M., Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Q.—Is the i in Pinero long or short. A.—It has the sound of i in pin. Q.—How is the ich in Mme. Kalich's name pronounced? A.—Mme. Kalich formerly spelt her name "Kalisch," but now spells it without the *s*, and it is pronounced *ish*.

H. A., San Francisco, Cal.—Q.—What is the name of the song sung by Geo. Arliss in the second act of "Leah Kleschna"? A.—It is a French song, entitled "Viens Poupoule."

L. V. C.—Q.—Will William Faversham in "The Squaw Man," "The Heir to the Hoorah," and Robert Edeson in "Strongheart" play in Chicago next winter? A.—All three attractions will play in your city.

H. D. M., Chicago, Ill.—Q.—Where is Frank Worthing playing and for how long? A.—He has been playing in your city in "Mrs. Temple's Telegram." He recently received news of his mother's death in Scotland and was to sail for Edinburgh the last week in July. Q.—With whom does he play next season? A.—We do not know.

B. S. and W. L.—Q.—How much a copy are the issues for 1904, 1903, 1902 and 1901? A.—50 cents, 75 cents, $1.00 and $1.50. Q.—Where can I secure them? A.—At this office. Q.—Where can I get pictures of Dustin Farnum, Eleanor Robson, Kyrle Bellew, Chauncey Olcott, Ethel Barrymore, and Trixie Friganza? A.—At this office. Q.—What is the price of same? A.—35 cents for cabinet size.

O. S. D., Westchester, N. Y.—Q.—Have you ever heard of a magician named John Rugano? A.—We have enquired from several prominent magicians and they all say they never heard of Rugano.

M. C. J.—Q.—Who are the members of the Ferris Stock Company, now playing in Minneapolis, Minn.? A.—Lawrence Grattan, Lewis S. Stone, Jane Hampton, Richardson Cotton, Ernest Fisher, Leslie Merosco, Geo. Berry, Chas. Burnham, Leoli La Force, Frank Priest, Harry Plympton, Lelia Shaw, Kate W. Fiske and Christine Prince. Q.—Where is Helen Macbeth at present? A.—We cannot locate her.

A Washington Reader.—Q.—What is Malcolm Duncan's real name? A.—We never heard of the gentleman.

"A Virginian."—Q.—Where can I get the play of the "Virginian" and "Soldiers of Fortune"? A.—They are not for sale. Q.—Where can I get souvenir books of "Her Own Way," "Merely Mary Ann," "Romeo and Juliet," with Miss Marlowe as Juliet? A.—The Liebler Bros.; also Mrs. Kirke La Shelle, both at Knickerbocker Theatre Building, could give you the information. Q.—Where and when was Dustin Farnum born? A.—In the West. Q.—Is that his real name? A.—Yes. Q.—Will you interview him soon? A.—Perhaps. Q.—Will you publish a picture of May Irwin off the stage and in "Mrs. Black is Back"? A.—Perhaps.

L. W. C., Utica, N. Y.—Q.—Is Charlotte Walker to be James K. Hackett's leading lady next season? A.—No, as his wife, Mary Mannering, fills that position. Q.—Have you ever published a picture of Arthur Libbals? A.—No. Q.—Where can I secure a copy of "The Show"? A.—Channing Pollock, Lyric Theatre, this city. Q.—Will you publish a picture of Harry Heaton? A.—Perhaps. Q.—What is the address of "O. S.," who asked in the July THEATRE if some THEATRE reader would exchange programmes? A.—We have asked O. S. to communicate with this office.

John W.—Q.—Will Isabelle Evesson play at Proctor's next year? A.—Probably not, as Amelia Bingham has been engaged. Q.—What are Edwin Arden's plans? A.—He plays the lead next season in "Home Folks." Q.—Did you review "The Holy City," which played at Proctor's last year? A.—See our October, 1903, issue.

A Regular Reader, Houston, Texas.—Q.—Are the plays of G. B. Shaw published in book form? A.—Some are published. Q.—Who originated the name part in "Princess Chic"? A.—Christie McDonald in New York and Marguerite Sylva on the road.

O. S.—Will O. S., who asked to exchange programmes, kindly send his or her address to this office, as we have received a number of communications concerning this question from our readers.

H. B. H., Reading.—Q.—Where is Thomas W. Ross' home? A.—Canada.

B. L., Cleveland, O.—Q.—Is Laura Nelson Hall considered a good actress and is she liked by the people of Columbus? A.—She only played a few weeks in Columbus, having been a long time in Cleveland. Q.—How can I keep track of her whereabouts? A.—Watch the "Dates Ahead" in the New York *Clipper* or *Mirror*. Q.—When did you have her picture? A.—July, 1903, issue. Q.—In the March, 1905, issue, did the first question refer to Mr. Glaser's wife or Mr. Edeson's? A.—Mr. Edeson's.

C. G. P.—Q.—What women have played "Hamlet?" A.—Charlotte Crampton, Ellen Bateman, Anna Dickinson, Mrs. Thomas Hamblin, Marie Seebach, Alice Marriot, Adelaide Keim, Anna Maria Quina, and Sarah Bernhardt. Q.—Did any women ever play Shylock? A.—Charlotte Crampton, Mrs. Henry Lewis, and Mrs. Macready. Q.—When did the Astor Place Opera House riots occur? A.—May 10, 1849. Q.—Did Dion Boucicault and Lester Wallack ever act simultaneously? A.—Yes, at Wallack's Theatre, March 15, 1880, in "How She Loves Him." Wallack acted Tom Vacil and Boucicault, Diogenes.

E. G., St. Louis, Mo.—Q.—Where will a letter reach George D. Parker and William P. Carleton? A.—Mr. Parker, Gramercy Park, N. Y.; Mr. Carleton, Lyceum Theatre, this city.

D. C. W., Milwaukee, Wis.—Q.—Is Ruth White with "The Burgomaster" Co.? A.—The company closed the season early in June. She had the prima donna rôle in "Kafoozelum" at Hyde & Behman's Theatre, Chicago, and opened in Boston June 24. Next season she has the leading rôle in "The Belle of Broadway." Q.—How long has Miss White been on the stage? A.—We have no record of her career. Q.—Has she played in any other company besides "The Burgomaster?" A.—Yes.

H. T. M., Providence, R. I.—Who are the publishers of "Eminent Actors in Their Homes?" A.—R. H. Russell, New York.

A. M. S.—Q.—Where is Eugene Ormond? A.—In the stock company at Portland, Oregon.

F. B. W. & A. D. S.—Q.—How may a letter be addressed to Blanche Ring. A.—Care C. B. Dillingham, Knickerbocker Theatre, this city. Q.—When is Maude Adams going to begin her season and is she going to play "The Little Minister" next year? A.—Maude Adams comes to the Empire in November to play "Peter Pan." Q.—How long are Mr. and Mrs. Hackett going to stay in England? A.—They returned some weeks ago and are now rehearsing. Q.—Where will a letter reach Mary Bacon? A.—A letter care New York *Mirror* will reach her.


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# The Theatre Everywhere

### ATLANTA, GA.

*(From Our Correspondent.)*

ATLANTA, GA., Aug. 1.—To paraphrase Tennyson: "In the summer the pleasure-seeker's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of the park." The theatres in the city being closed those seeking recreation and enjoyment throng to our playground, Ponce de Leon Park. The amusement devices at this popular resort are many, and enable one to while away a few hours most pleasantly. The Casino, under the management of Jake Wells, offered some light summer offerings during the past month.

D. E. MOORFIELD.

### BUFFALO, N. Y.

*(From Our Correspondent.)*

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 1.—"Monte Cristo," presented by the William Farnum Stock Company at the Park theatre, proved to be an interesting presentation of that always attractive play. It ran the entire week.

Monday, July 17th Manager M. Shea provided for the opening of the new Shea's theatre in the splendid playhouse that has been known as the Park theatre, a first-class bill headed by Helen Bertram, who was a prima donna soprano of the Bostonians, and a number of other strong vaudeville acts. ARTHUR J. HEIMLICH.

### BRISTOL, VA.-TENN.

*(From Our Correspondent.)*

BRISTOL, VA.-TENN., Aug. 10.—Probably the one redeeming feature of the summer attractions offered here was the presentation by amateurs of "Princess Bonnie," the cast including Georgia Mae Mooney, a singer of some note throughout the southland, of Knoxville, Tenn., and Edwin Walker of Boston. Miss Sallie Smith of this city, as Kitty Clover, was the recipient of many favorable comments from several professionals summering in this region.

The repairs at the Harmeling theatre have been completed and Manager Fowler announces that everything is in readiness for the opening on September 4th.

C. A. JONES.

### BALTIMORE, MD.

*(From Our Correspondent.)*

BALTIMORE, MD., Aug. 1.—The prospects for the coming season in this city are promising, and the managers are looking forward to a prosperous year. Several of the theatres are being painted for the opening the latter part of August. Baltimoreans are watching with interest the development of the plans for ex-Governor Frank Brown's new theatre, which is to be built on Saratoga street opposite the Hotel Rennert. This is an exceptionally fine site for a theatre, and the structure will be a handsome one. KENNETH M. WISONG.

### CINCINNATI, OHIO

*(From Our Correspondent.)*

CINCINNATI, OHIO, Aug. 8.—The month has been very quiet as far as the theatres are concerned, the only one open being the Chester Park Opera House, with its local company. During the past month they have presented Richard Harlow in "1492," "The Girl from Paris," "The Strollers," and "The Wedding Day." This week they are presenting Dorothy Morton in "The Geisha." Jacob P. Adler and his wife played at the Grand Opera House Sunday and Monday, to good audiences, and made a good impression in their Yiddish plays. Three of our theatres open this week—The Lyceum, Heucks and Peoples. J. B. HALL.

### COLUMBUS, OHIO

*(From Our Correspondent.)*

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Aug. 1.—The summer season is rapidly drawing to a close—vaudeville at Olentangy Park being the only survivor. The Laura Nelson Hall Stock Co. at the Great Southern theatre was forced to discontinue a summer run on account of lack of patronage, and then the Empire Theatre Musical Comedy Co. closed after half of a proposed 10-week run for similar reasons.

Olentangy Park theatre, under the capable management of Will W. Prosser, has offered good vaudeville all season, and has been well patronized.

Albert G. Ovens, for several years the successful manager of the Grand and High Street, has retired and is succeeded by Frank C. Osborn at the Grand and Chas. Harper at High Street. Howard A. Weisman, for more than two years manager of the Empire theatre, has retired and is succeeded by Fred Neddermeyer.

The Empire will continue to offer the highest class stock productions, the company and plays being under the management of Priestly Morrison. Frank Camp, a favorite here for past two seasons, has been re-engaged to play leads. This theatre opens Aug. 28th.

The Grand opened Aug. 4th with John W. Vogel's Minstrels—a Columbus production. Al. G. Field's Minstrels and the Donnelly and Hatfield Minstrels, both Columbus companies, started on the road Aug. 7th.

The High Street opened Aug. 3d. The Great Southern will open Sept. 6th.

### DALLAS, TEXAS

*(From Our Correspondent.)*

DALLAS, TEXAS, Aug. 1.—The Al Fresco Players, J. E. Lehmann, manager, presented here recently their open-air production of "As You Like It." The performance was such an immense success that the company continued here three weeks, presenting "The Sculptor's Dream" and "Ingomar." The company is one of the most capable ever brought to Dallas; it was headed by May Stewart and Archibald Hotchkiss, Joseph Lehmann and L. B. C. Josephs. C. S. P.

### EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

*(From Our Correspondent.)*

EVANSVILLE, IND., Aug. 10.—Business at both of the local parks has been very good, the side attractions being attended as well as the theatres. Cook's Park draws large crowds nightly—admission at the gate being free. The feature at this park for the past month was the Fall of Port Arthur. The fireworks and the exhibition were good. The vaudeville is still up to its usual standard and the theatre is packed nightly, especially on Sunday.


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# THE BROADWAY

for September opens with an unparalleled boom of sparkling, popular, wide-awake reading matter touching upon interesting people and current events. It is not the policy of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE to exploit interesting personalities by a re-hash of what is already known. Men and women of the day in every line of art and achievement write about themselves and their work in special stories that have all the charm and individuality of autobiographies. In this way our readers get at the very core of personalities and facts.

**A Painter of Dreams,** as a sample of one of our magazine stories, is a paper on Albert Ryder, the distinguished and eccentric painter who has chosen the life of a recluse to carry out his ideals of art. Mr. Ryder's canvases are bought years in advance by art dealers, and connoisseurs, and are looked upon as priceless. This paper is richly illustrated and is supplemented by Mr. Ryder's own story of his life and art struggles.

**A Half-Million Dollar Hayfield on Fifth Avenue** is a bit of local color that will soon pass away. A hayfield wedged in between palatial homes and sky-scraping hotels is an almost incredible fact, but it is born out by a series of pictures taken by our staff photographer and by the story of Mike, the honest gardener who farms the lot.

## DEPARTMENT OF FICTION

Through this department the BROADWAY is bringing into notice the talented and unknown writers that are scattered throughout the country. Our Magazine is not hunting for big names, but for quality and originality. The September BROADWAY contains a number of clever stories by new authors who are forging ahead under our auspices.

## ILLUSTRATIONS

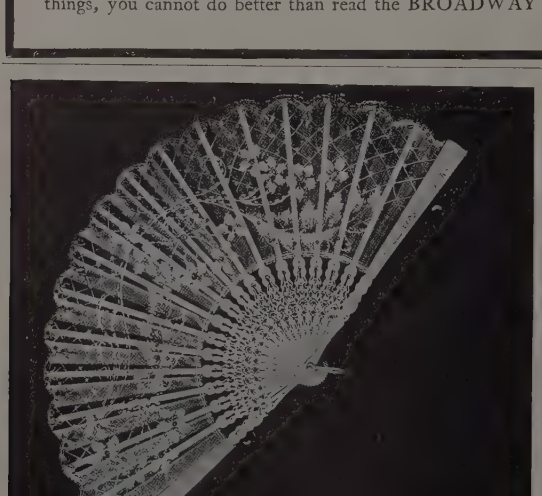
Almost every page of the BROADWAY for September shows a sketch, a photograph, or a reproduction of some clever original. No magazine at the same price is more charmingly or generously decorated.

## NEW THEATRICAL SEASON

Geo. C. Jenks supplies his usual budget of theatrical doings. Mr. Jenks is on the "inside," and his September paper contains advance announcements of what the managers have in store for the new season. The story is profusely illustrated by an array of photographs of the new people who are to appear, as well as new portraits of old favorites.

If you want a general all-around knowledge of what is taking place and who is doing things, you cannot do better than read the BROADWAY MAGAZINE.





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### FRESNO, CAL.

*(From Our Correspondent.)*

FRESNO, CAL., Aug. 1.—The new season opens August 14th with Ezra Kendall. Next season's booking for here are top notch, and it ought to be a record-breaker as the Opera House is undergoing a thorough overhauling. Manager Barton had some little trouble with the Eastern syndicate, but finally came to agreeable terms, and the season will stand as booked.

E. C. VAN BUREN, JR.

### LOUISVILLE, KY.

*(From Our Correspondent.)*

LOUISVILLE, KY., Aug. 12.—The season for 1905-6 is just beginning. All the local houses have been repainted, and everything looks good for a big winter. The Avenue opened on the sixth with the startling melodrama, "How Hearts Are Broken." Their first week was certainly a record-breaker. For the coming week they offer "Nettie, the Newsgirl."

The Jockey Club still offers summer concerts. Weber, Creatore, Kinderman's German Marine Band, and "The Kilties" furnished excellent programs.

Fountaine Ferry Park seems to gain in popularity with each new week. The Hopkin's Pavilion offers all of the stars who played their winter house. EDWARD EPSTEIN.

### MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

*(From Our Correspondent.)*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Aug. 11.—The season in Minneapolis will commence with the re-opening of the Orpheum and Dewey the 20th. On the 28th the Bijou and Metropolitan open with "In Old Kentucky," and Eleanor Robson in "Merely Mary Ann," respectively. The Lyceum, for three years the home of the Ferris Stock Company, becomes a 10-cent vaudeville house. The bookings at the Metropolitan for the season have not been announced.

JACOB WILK.

### MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA

*(From Our Correspondent.)*

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA, Aug. 1.—The Parker Amusement Company, under the management of Raven & Darnaby, opened in this city week of July 3d, to excellent business, an enormous crowd being present the 4th, drawn here by the celebration of the fraternal orders of the city. The "Girl from Abeliene" was injured on the 4th while attempting to loop the loop in a ball. "A Swell Affair," a musical entertainment arranged by C. E. Patterson of this city, was presented under the auspices of the Apollo club at the Odeon, July 11, 12 and 13, to large houses.

T. Nelson Downs, known to the vaudeville world as the "King of Koins," was recently married to Miss Hattie Rockey of this city. Mr. and Mrs. Downs will leave shortly for Portland, Ore., where Mr. Downs will fill an engagement at the Exposition.

JOSEPH WHITACRE.

### MILWAUKEE, WIS.

*(From Our Correspondent.)*

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 10.—The new Thanhouser company opened what promises to be a most prosperous season at the Academy, on the evening of July 10. With the exception of the leading man, Edgar Baume, the company is an entirely new one. Evelyn Vaughan, the leading woman, is a young woman of great beauty and much personal magnetism. For the past year she has been with the Odeon Stock Company in St. Louis. Edgar Baume is the most popular leading man Mr. Thanhouser has ever had. De Witt Jennings, formerly with Augustin Daly, is playing character men, and Emily Wakeman is playing the character women. The company opened with R. C. Carton's comedy, "Lord and Lady Algy," it was followed by "The Henrietta," with Mr. Van Buren and De Witt Jennings in the parts formerly played by Stuart Robson and William Crane. The company have been equally successful in "My Friend from India," "The Sign of the Four," and this week are receiving much praise for their work in "When We Were Twenty-one."

This will be the eighth season of the Thanhouser Stock Company in Milwaukee.

C. W. HEOFFORD.

### PITTSBURG, PA.

*(From Our Correspondent.)*

PITTSBURG, PA., Aug. 1.—We have been well served during the past month in the lighter amusements and, despite a wretched suburban car service, the open air resorts have been nightly crowded.

In summer dress and with ice-cooled air to entice, the Nixon continues open with the Carleton Opera Company in repertoire or light musical pieces. Gertrude Vaughn, the prima donna of this organization, and the younger Mr. Carleton, are adding to their local prestige professionally and have made many social friends.

Pittsburg entertained the International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees the second week in July. During the Convention, some difference of opinion existed as to whether the New York or the Brooklyn body should "control" the Coney Island resorts. Needless to add, the New York contingent will "control." Several theatres will take down the summer shutters during August. R. M. Gulick of the Bijou has taken a lease of the Alvin, where the lighter musical pieces will be heard. The Gayety enters the burlesque field, while the fate of the old Duquesne still hangs in the balance. This is the playhouse rumor has coupled with Mr. Belasco's name and, indeed, unless the Belasco players do appear at this playhouse, the only one apparently open to the Independents, the Duquesne bids fair to remain dark during the coming season.

HOWARD JOHNSTON.

### ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

*(From Our Correspondent.)*

ST. LOUIS, MO., Aug. 1.—The summer gardens are now having their usual heavy attendance, despite the wet, rainy weather St. Louis has had for the past two weeks. The stock company at Delmar garden recently finished a successful two weeks' run of "King Dodo." "Princess Chic" has also been seen. At the Suburban garden, Melbourne MacDowell and his company pleased St. Louis patrons with the Sardou plays, "Gismonda," and other pieces. Forest Park Highlands has had a novel attraction in the person of Mons. Henri French, the "king of jugglers." "The Ironmaster" was presented recently at West End Heights by the stock company there.

ARTHUR P. O'LEARY.

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*SERIES NUMBER THREE COMPRISES*

William Gillette as Sherlock Holmes. Robert Edeson in Soldiers of Fortune. Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern, scene of Romeo and Juliet. J. K. Hackett, plain costume. Edna May in the School Girl. Blanche Bates in Under Two Flags. Maude Adams as Juliet. Hattie Williams in the Girl from Kays. Richard Mansfield at home. Leslie Carter as Du Barry.

*SERIES NUMBER FOUR COMPRISES*

John Drew as Killicancre. Henry Miller as Frederick Lemaitre. Mrs. Gilbert, three-quarter picture. Forbes Robertson as Hamlet. Blanche Walsh, in The Woman in the Case. Maxine Elliot, bust picture. Julia Marlowe as Barbara Fritchie. Maude Adams, bust picture. Ethel Barrymore, Viola Allen, in The Heart of Rome.

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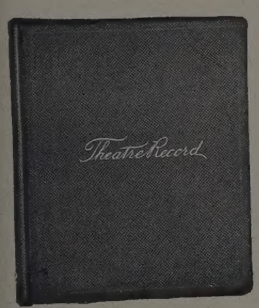


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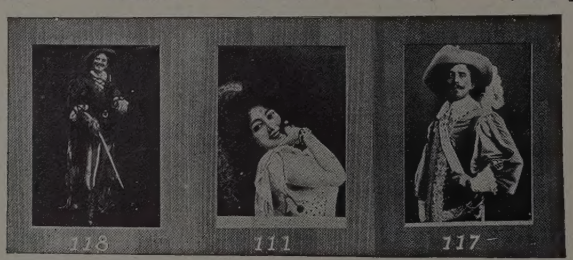


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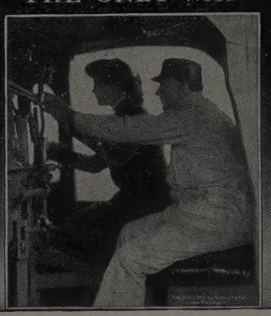

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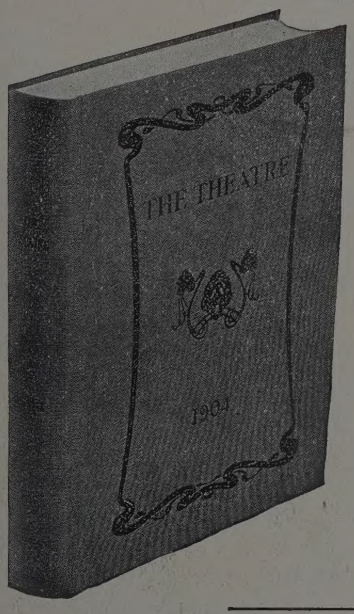


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